

JUNE
No. 76

THIS ISSUE IS FOR THE BIRDS!

35¢

SICK

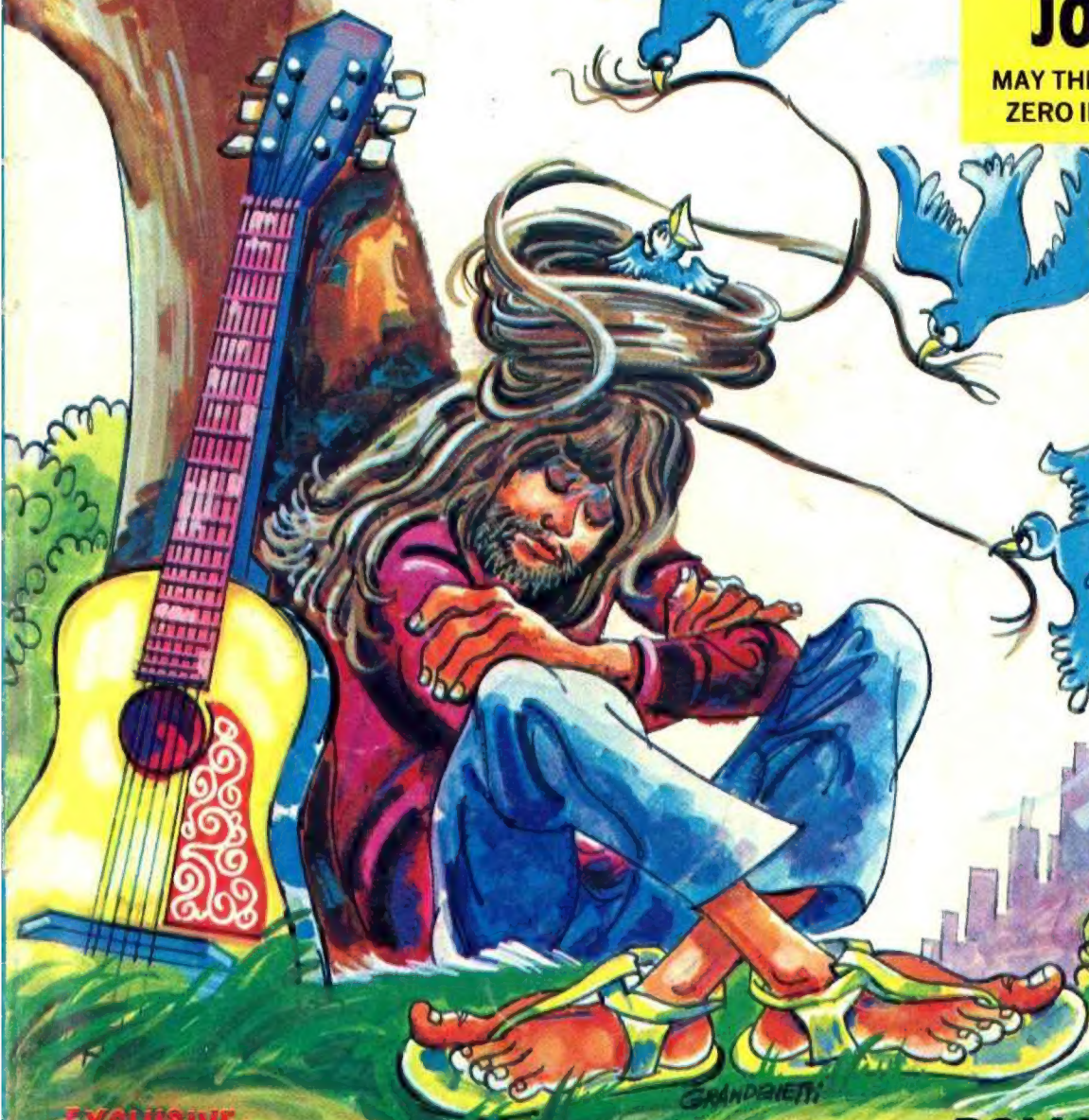
MAC

BLUEBIRD OF PARADISE JOKE BOOK

MAY THE BLUEBIRD OF PARADISE
ZERO IN ON YOUR DRAFT CARD

Baby's First Book

**SPOCK IT
TO ME!**



EXCLUSIVE:

CHICAGO-7

WASHINGTON-O

POLLUTION

To keep your city clean,
mail your garbage
out of town!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...RAIN ON YOUR PARADE!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...FLY UP YOUR 'JAMMYS WHILE YOU'RE ASLEEP
ON A COLD WINTER NIGHT!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...PECK YOU ON THE NECK
AND GIVE YOU A HICKEY!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...LAY AN EGG IN YOUR NAVEL!



June, 1970

SICK

No. 76

Volume 10 Number 4

UPHILL RACER

The picture begins at a typical ski resort, where the professional skiers vie for the big prizes—women, money, medals, and a lifetime contract with Blue Cross. (Not recommended for those who get ski-sick!) The scene opens as the American ski-team discusses their favorite slopes.

This mountain is child's play, compared to the Kitzbühel Alps of Switzerland.

You're out of your head, nothing compares to the danger and thrills of the Dolomites of Germany.

They may be all right, but the toughest mountains in the world are found in the Catskills.

The Catskill Mountains?

Did you ever try skiing down a slope of solid sour cream?

Wow, look at that all-star cast!

PROVERBS, REVISED

MEDICINE

M.D. by A.T.&T.

DING-A-LING SCHOOL

INSIDE SHOW BUSINESS

TY Viewers

TELEVISION

MARCUS SMELBY, M.D.

Although the two doctors live together (which makes a lot of talk with the Fire Island set) they are presently discussing their services at a local hospital.

Knife... Liver... kidneys.

Quick, nurse—our surgical expert!

But why are you covering your nose? You're not operating!

THE R.O.T.C.
SURVIVAL MANEUVERS
WILL BE CANCELLED
TODAY DUE TO
RAIN!



Editor
JOE SIMON

Editorial Director
PHIL HIRSCH

Circulation Director
RON ADELSON

Production Manager
HAL HOCHVERT

Contributing Editors:

Paul Laikin Bob Heit Jim Atkins
Bill Majeski Lynn Lichty Louise Miller

Associate Editor: Fred Wolfe

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THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS

"Now, please let me make
This point very clear"

"I can assure you"

"Let us consider"

"There's no easy answer"

"I should distinguish"

"You may remember"

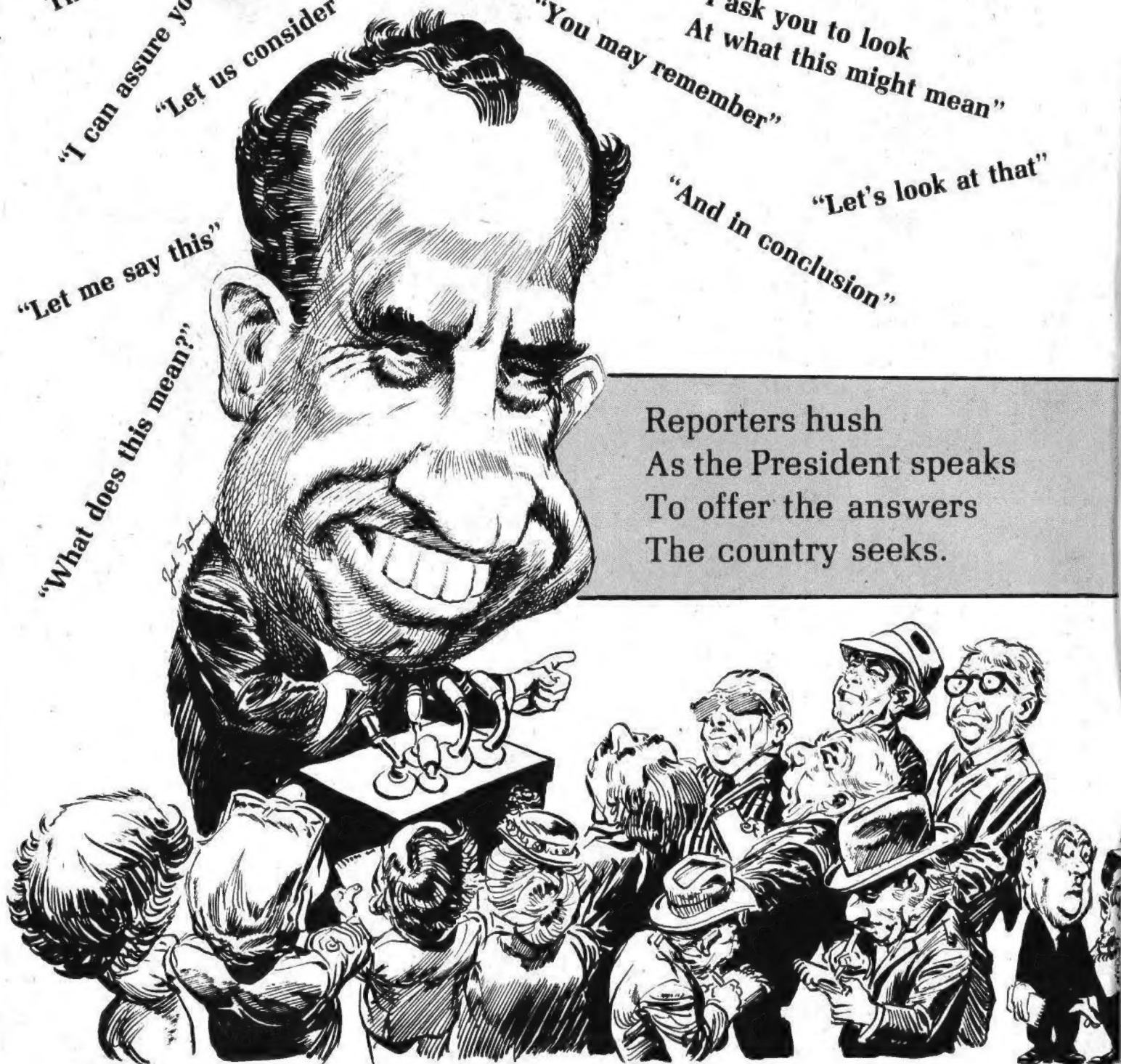
"I ask you to look
At what this might mean"

"Let me say this"

"And in conclusion"

"Let's look at that"

Reporters hush
As the President speaks
To offer the answers
The country seeks.





"Let me say this"
And then you know
The evasive wind
Is about to blow.

"Let's look at that"
Is only a peek
In another fast round
Of hide-and-seek.

"What does this mean?"
A question that you
Will ask yourself AFTER
He "answers" it, too.

**"Now, please let me make
This point very clear"**
And you don't understand
Or believe what you hear.

"I should distinguish"
A sentence that grows
And where it ends up
Nobody knows.

"I can assure you"
Is a confident way
Of putting you off
Till another day.

"You may remember"
With a happy SPLAT
The blame falls upon
A Democrat.

**"I ask you to look
At what this might mean"**
Look—but you won't
Comprehend what you've seen.

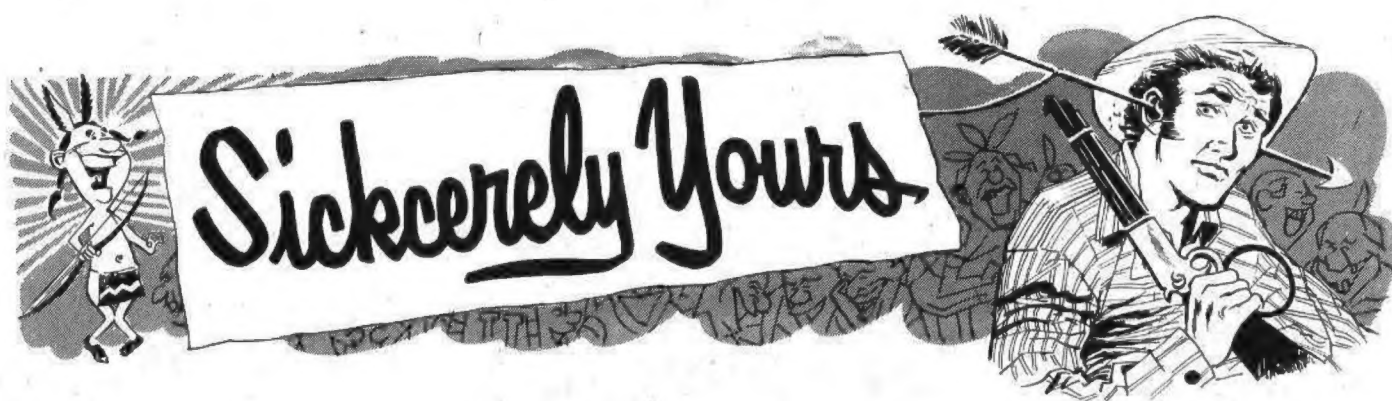
"Let us consider"
In jumbled prose
A tangle of yesses
And a jumble of no's.

"There's no easy answer"
And as the words fall
It's obvious there is
NO answer at all.

"And in conclusion"
The end is near
Though the end of WHAT
Isn't quite clear.

"Thank you. Goodnight."
NEWSMEN TAKE NOTE!!!
It's the one clear statement
You can quote!!!



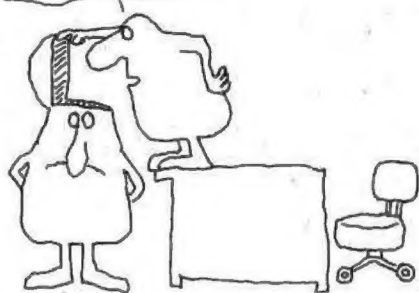


Your satire "Sleazy Rider" was a put-down on a great movie. It was full of symbolism and I suspect that your movie critic didn't understand the true meaning of the film.

Bob Nolan
Houston, Tex.

Ed: Three hours shot
Without a plot.
Just riding bikes
And smoking pot.
The critics rave.
Won't say it's bad.
Like sheep you pay.
You've all been had!

I ONLY READ MINDS
... I DON'T TRY
TO ANALYZE THEM



Your insulting parody of "Easy Rider" indicates to me that the "Captain America" syndrome in this country completely escaped you. When Peter Fonda cycled through the countryside as Captain America, his experiences wove a tapestry of the now spirit of our citizens; racism, bigotry, ignorance and brutality. Incidentally, do you know who or what Captain America is? I doubt it.

William Beckett
Syracuse, N.Y.

Ed: Editor Joe Simon says he doesn't know what Captain America is. And he should know, since he's the creator of Captain America.

"Sleazy Rider" your parody of Peter Fonda's film, never mentioned his role of Captain America, the spirit of America. Did you miss the point of the picture or, as I suspect, you never heard of Captain America?

Allen Jo Brown
New York

Ed: Captain America is a very sick cat.

In the August edition you had a stupid looking article. It was so stupid looking I didn't read it.

Deborah Gamel
Shreveport

Ed: Smart move, Deb.

With the exceptions of *Lincoln's Birthday*, *Pages from a Soldier's Notebook*, *Sleazy Rider*, *I Never Met a Baby-Sitter I Didn't Like*, *The Ghost and Mrs. Bore*, *Supermouth*, *History Lesson*, *Sick on the Picket Line*, *Party Game*, *Student Unrest*, *War Movies*, and those *Idiotic signs*, the March issue was a literary masterpiece.

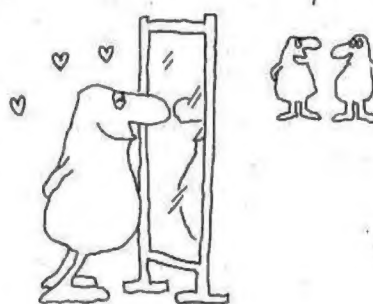
Gregory Boyko
Brielle, N.J.

Ed: Next month will be even better, Greg.

I LIKE TO GIVE IT
AN OCCASIONAL
AIRING



IT WAS A
CASE OF LOVE
AT FIRST SIGHT



How would you like it if Joe Namath made fun of your magazine? He's my favorite Quarterback. I'd rather read Playboy than Sick anytime you make fun of Namath.

George Kevorkian
Chicago, Ill.

Ed: So would we.

First let me say that I am surprised that I am wasting my time writing to you.

I have read many of your Sick magazines (none of which I paid for, or would come close to considering payment for) and I just can't sit by anymore while you are constantly printing prejudiced bull.

My argument is your constant belittlement of "Hippies." First of all, "Hippie" is a word, not a person. You are apparently trying to brainwash your readers into turning their thoughts and attitudes against the peace-loving, free-thinking individuals you call Hippies.

"Hippies" do not like being dirty any more than you (?) do. It so happens that in many instances the price they have to pay for living in peace and freedom is a room without a bath. Living in filth is not a comforting thought, but then, neither is living

without freedom of thought and choice. (There is so much more to say, but I am not as angry as before).

Anyway, I hope you realize my purpose in writing you. Open your minds.

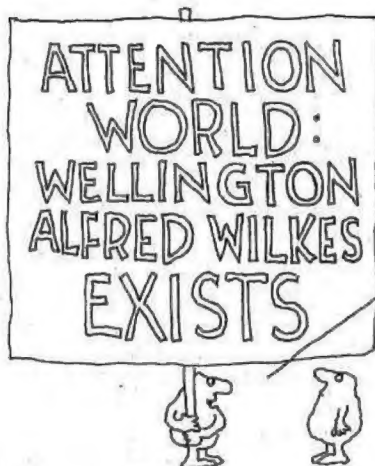
Peace
Cass
Skokie, Illinois

Ed: We have a hole in our head. Is that open minded?

In your Feb. '70 issue you want to know what kind of year was 1969? Well for Freddy, the school lover, it was a year of going steady 364 times. He almost made 365, but had to go to the dentist. Michelle, Peggy, Diane, and Susan had a pretty busy year! They were the ones Freddy was going with for 364 times! For me, I wish 1969 could have gone slower, 'cause my name is Freddy!

Freddy Morin
Ewa Beach, Oahu, Hi. 96706

Ed: Freddy, you're great!



I have been an Indian for eighteen years (all my life, believe it or not) and I love it. I wouldn't trade my history for all of Manhattan. Your story on the Indians taking over Alcatraz was insulting. The Indians started this country and I hope they finish it. Better red than dead...

Sheldon Goldberg
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ed: Sheldon Goldberg heap big fake Indian.

After reading one of your magazines I was very displeased and somewhat disgusted. It sounds as if you're making a mockery of our government, which I consider one of the best po-

litical plans ever conceived by mortal man. True is your hint of it being imperfect, but as I recall only God is perfect. So why ridicule? Why not try to find the answers to the problems we have? Let's face facts, if not for democracy your magazine wouldn't be allowed the right of print. Demonstrators shot on sight or imprisoned. God willing, I have my plans for finding some answers, but as of now I'm giving four years of my freedom for my country. Also for that four years I'll be sure freedom exists at home for my family and friends. Even freedom for ones of my generation who unwittingly are puppets of destruction cutting away at the inside (the heart) of the stage they work, play, and try to make people happy on. Who pulls the strings? That's a question that anyone with a penny's worth of brains should be able to answer for himself.

Ronald R. Craig
USWS Midway
F.P.O. San Francisco

Ed: Who pulls the strings?



believer in love at first sight and I promise to shave my belly-button every night before I go to sleep if you will write to me.

Darrell Griffin,
R. 1, Box 99
Mannington, W.V.

Ed: What girl could resist you?

WANTED: Young ladies 17 and up to write to driver of super-charged river boat in Vietnam. I'll answer letters from *anyone* (female) *anywhere*! No previous experience necessary.

D.K. Ross
Rivron 11 Z-111-7.
FPO San Francisco, Calif.
96601

By the way, when are you going to run an article on road-testing a Greyhound Bus?

D. Ross

Ed: Why?

Have you featured any satires on motion picture star Steve Reeves and any of his Hercules pictures ("Hercules," "Duel of Titans," "Goliath and Barbarians," "Morgan the Pirate," etc.)? Also any satires of Joseph E. Levine, the producer of many of Reeves' epics? If so, would you please provide me with the date and issue number of your mag. that the articles appeared in.

Milton T. Moore, Jr.
Los Angeles

Ed: What articles?

Wanted: Desolute, downtrodden, heartbroken, cute girl to write to one lonely, handsome fella. I am a firm

RETAIL DISPLAY PROGRAM

Pyramid Publications is pleased to announce the adoption of a retail display program available to all retailers interested in earning a display allowance on those magazines participating in this plan. Under the plan, you will be permitted to select one or more, of the following magazine titles, if desired: Sick Magazine, New Ideas For Hairstyling, New Ideas For Teens, Man's Magazine.

To obtain full details and a copy of the formal contract, please write to: Circulation Department, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017.

Under the retail display plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon request, you will receive a display allowance of ten percent (10%) of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective as to all issues of magazine titles selected and delivered to you, subsequent to the date of the written acceptance of our display agreement when received and accepted by our national distributor, MacFadden-Bartell Corporation.

MEDICINE

M.D. by A.T.&T.

Script by Bill Majeski
Art by Al Kaufman

Recently, a doctor in the mid-West was so depressed at his lack of income, he tried to commit suicide by throwing himself off his golf bag. Doctors like this are a very small minority. Most M.D.'s in this country are getting so rich and independent that they refuse to make house calls. The major part of their day is spent on the telephone...

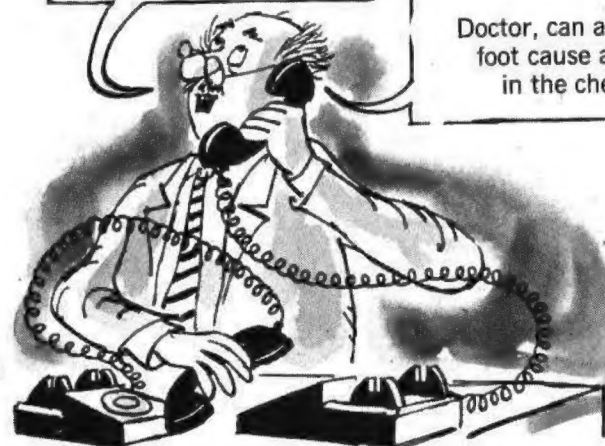


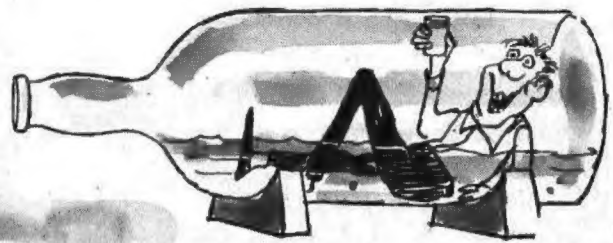
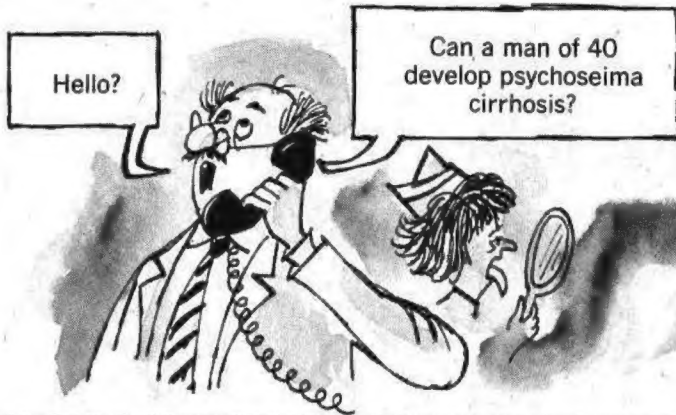
Doctor Boogie here,
have no fear.

Doctor, can athlete's
foot cause a pain
in the chest?



Sure, if the athlete
kicks you hard enough.





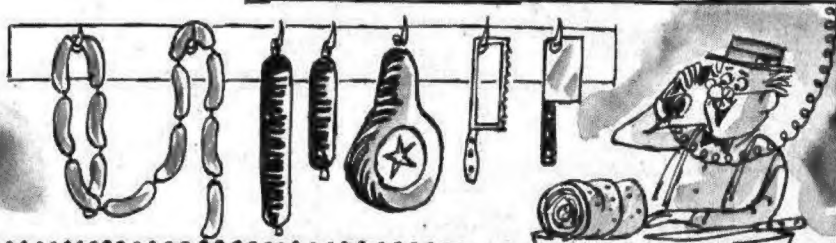
If he's willing to work at it. Start early and stay until the bars close.



I've lost 40 pounds in three weeks. What's the matter with me?



What's the matter with you? You're too skinny, you silly fellow. Get some meat on those bones. If you don't have any meat, you can order some from our butcher shop. You can't go walking around with a see-through body.



Would you please tell me what acute infectious hepatitis is?



No. What's done is done.

Yes?



Doctor, can you hear me?



Of course, I can hear you. What is this, a hearing aid test? Get on with the query.



Will you hurry up, you strange person?

Are you sure you can hear me?

In regards to contracting diseases as opposed to incurring a direct infection, can a chronic sickness impart an allergy and offer diagnostic symptoms which in no way can be predetermined as an integral part of the ailment



We got a bad connection. Can't hear you.



What effect would a 40-pound ham have on a 71-year-old man?

None at all if he ate it slowly.

He didn't eat it, it was dropped on his head.



You are a mental case, buddy! Hear me! A mental case! They should put a Do-Not-Disturb sign on your head. Jokers, always jokers.



Do you consider soda suitable for a boy of three to drink freely?



No, not freely. He should pay for it like everybody else.



What causes one person to have curly hair and another straight?



Another straight what? What's wrong with these jokers?



Hello?

My father just turned 86 and found he hasn't the strength to use his bow and arrow set. Is this hardening of the arteries?



No, it's hardening of the archeries. Look, let me get a zinger in once in a while.

Yes, yes, what is it?



The other day my brother was bitten by a rattlesnake. Shortly thereafter he died. I'm depressed.



Sorry to hear this. Time alone will make you forget the loss of your brother.

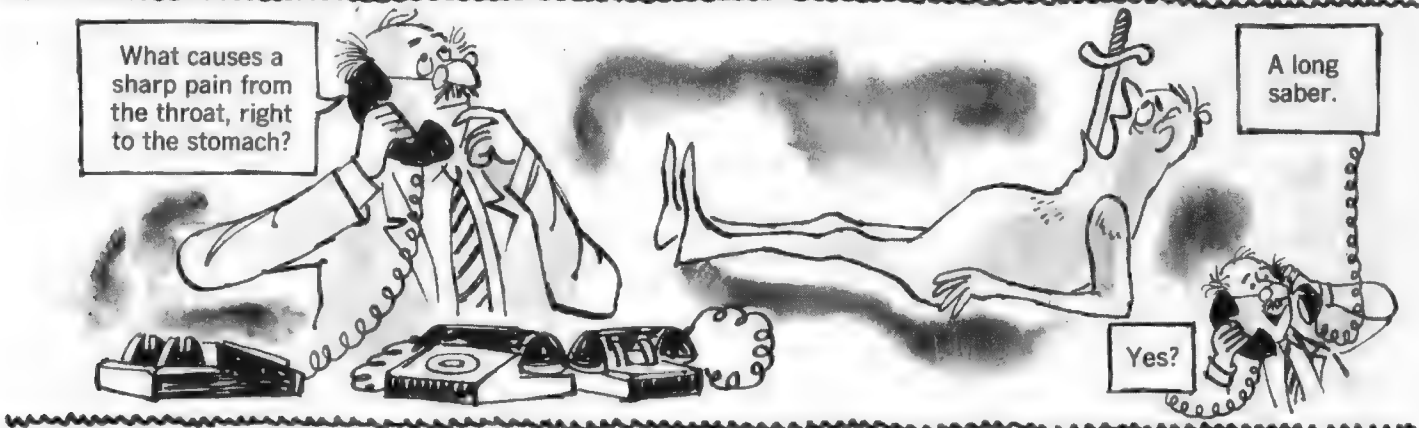
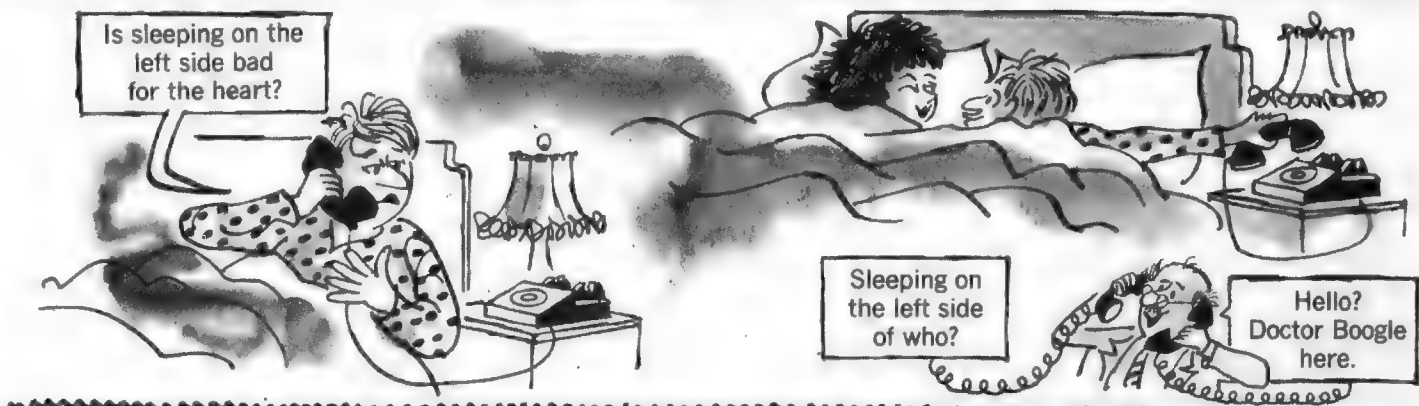
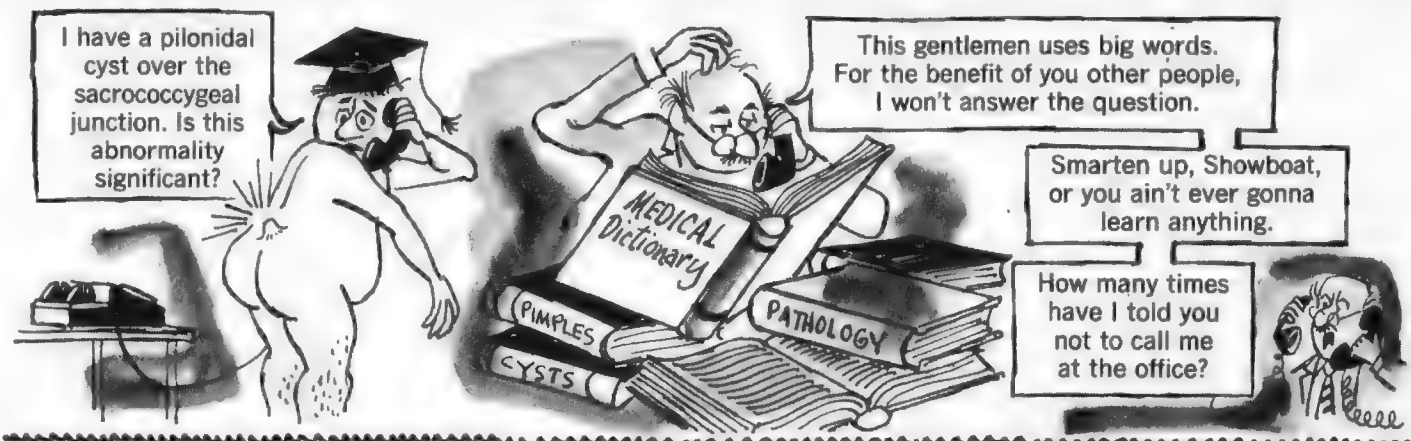



Not my brother, softskull. The snake—I loved him!



Sorry, only one problem at a time... Hello?







Yes, faster than the speed of light, Robert Redford gives up his bank-robbing activities in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," to slide down a mountainside at 60 miles an hour. (He's even faster when he's wearing skis!) He's a small-town boy trying to make good in big-time skiing, but is too poor to afford a pair of skis. Which gets him into a lot of trouble—it seems he swiped two planks off the bottom of Aristotle Onassis' yacht!

UPHILL RAGER

The picture begins at a typical ski resort, where the professional skiers vie for the big prizes—women, money, medals, and a life-time contract with Blue Cross. (Not recommended for those who get ski-sick!) The scene opens as the American ski-team discusses their favorite slopes.

Art by Jack Sparling
Script by Fred Wolfe

This mountain is child's play, compared to the Kitzbach Alps of Switzerland.

You're out of your head. Nothing compares to the danger and thrills of the Dolomites of Germany.

They may be all right, but the toughest mountains in the world are found in the Catskills.

The Catskill Mountains?

Did you ever try skiing down a slope of solid sour cream?

Wow, look at that all-star cast!

What all-star cast? There aren't any big names in this picture.

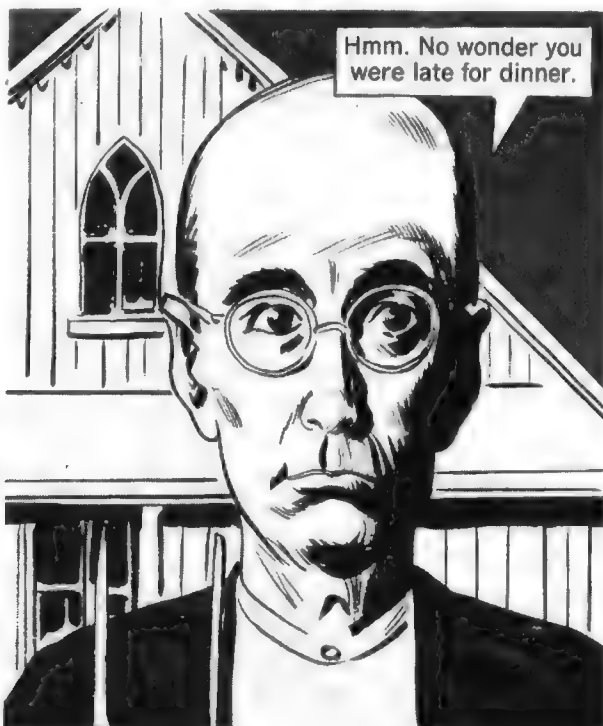
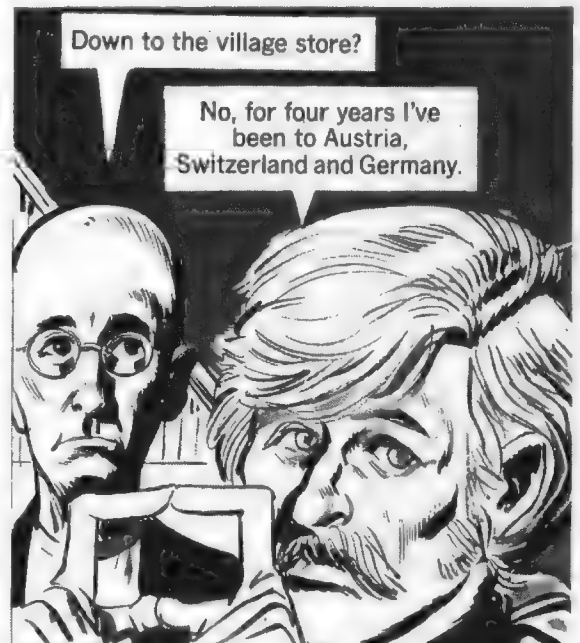
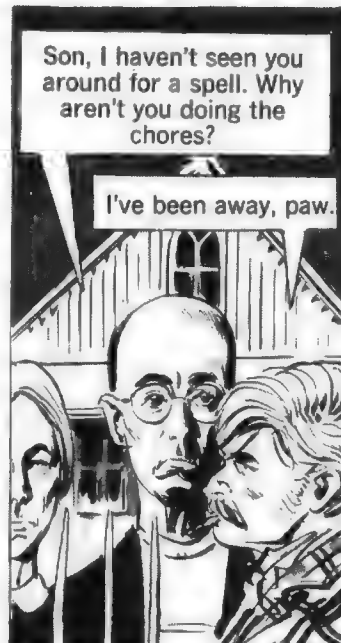
Not that kind, dummy. The one on the leg of that gorgeous chick.

After learning some of the basic skiing rudiments...

... David starts to make a name for himself.



But that's nothing compared to the "big" reception he gets back home.

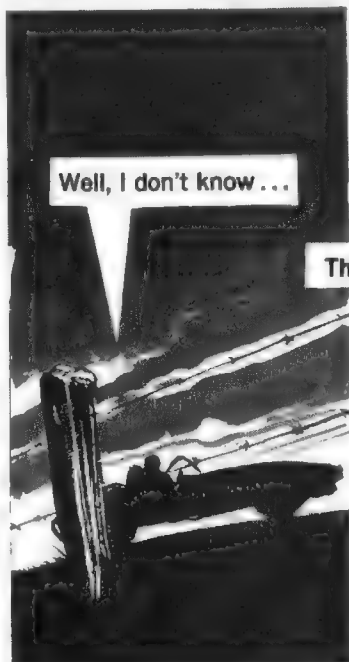


After this overwhelming reception, David drives into town where his newly acquired skill at speed becomes quickly apparent—especially to the local girls!





How's about you and me taking a drive somewhere and getting lost?



Well, I don't know...



Thank you, ma'am!

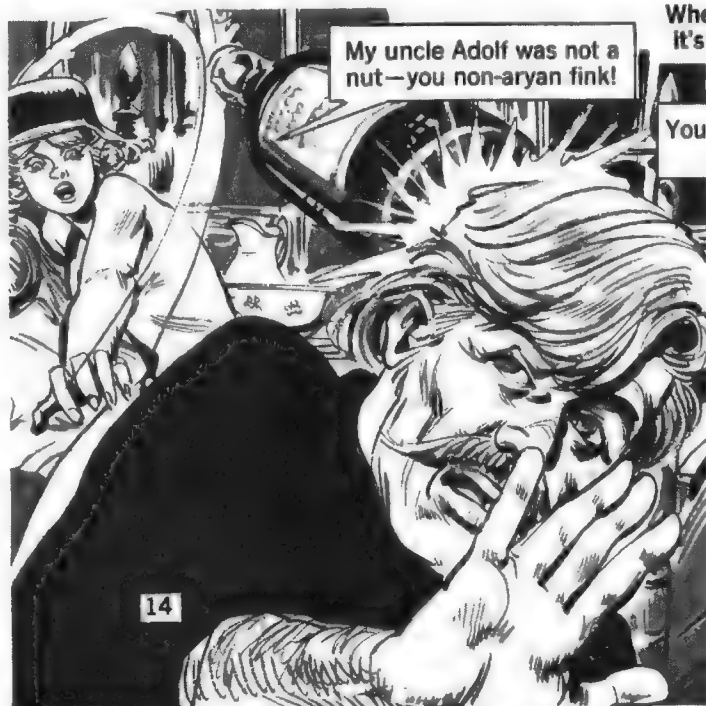


David returns to Europe, where he prepares for the biggest sports event in his life.

No, no, David, not the Soap-Box Derby, we're training for the Olympics!



But, headstrong David breaks training when he takes up with a sophisticated German girl, who teaches him the finer points of life; love, and the best way to invade Poland! Everything goes well, until David makes a rash remark about her family.



My uncle Adolf was not a nut—you non-aryan fink!

When she finally leaves him, it's like a stab in the heart.

You certainly know how to hurt a guy!





Having nothing left to live for, except a crack at the Olympic championship, and a fortune in shaving commercials, David prepares for the big day—the downhill racing event. But before the tourney begins, the international skiing team stops at a cheese factory high up in the Swiss Alps.

Ein, zwei, drei—lunge!

How else do you think they make Swiss cheese?

Meanwhile, back at the Olympics...



Hi, skiing fans, this is Big Al here for the final event of the winter olympics, the downhill racing championship of the world.

So far, Bronowski of Poland has suffered two broken legs; Meerschaum of Austria, a broken arm; and Lefkowitz of Tel Aviv not only broke his ankle, but a bowl of his mother's chicken soup!

I see little David of the American team—



But first a word to our biggest competition in this race, Marty Bormann of Austria, who travelled in all the way from Argentina for this event.

Will you hurry it up, fella—my submarine is double-parked!



Tell us, David, how do you expect to defeat Bormann, a giant in his field, who nobody has even come close to all these years? A guy who's a regular Goliath. Tell it like it is, David baby! How are you going to bring this Goliath down?



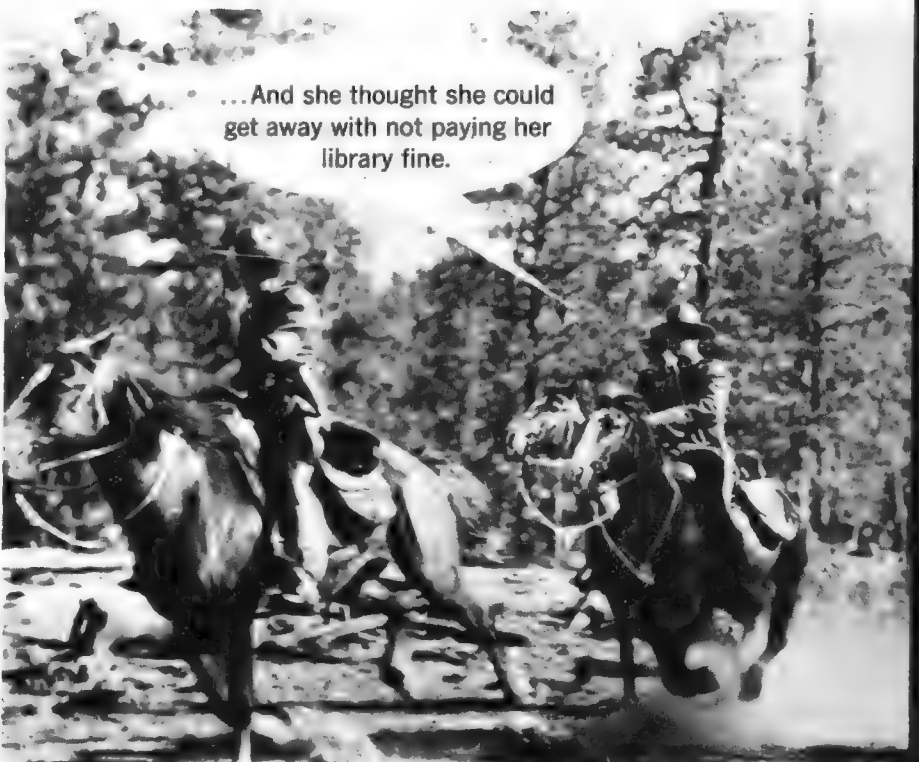
It worked once before, didn't it?

DING-A-LING

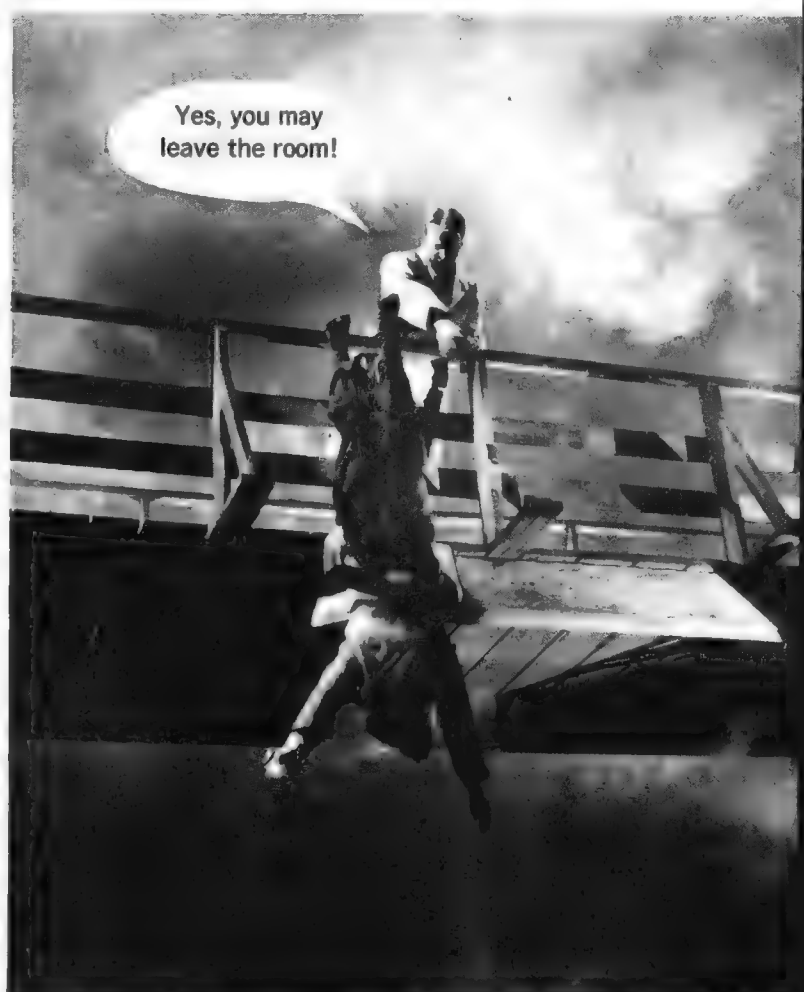


SCHOOL

by Henry Nuwer





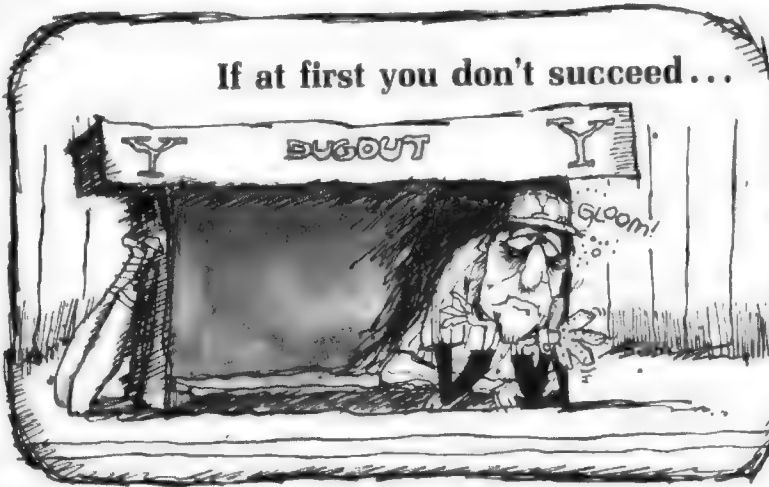


PROVERBS, REVISED

Art by Jared Lee

Script by Henry Nuwer

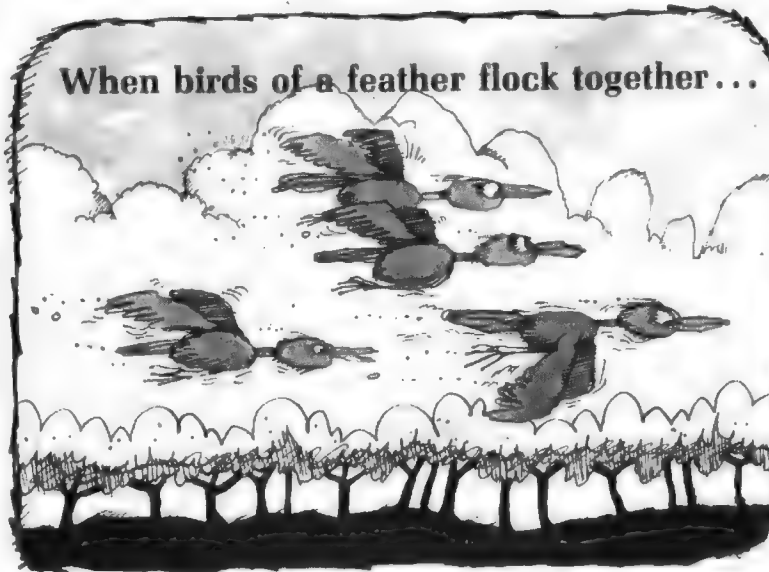
If at first you don't succeed...



...try playing the outfield.



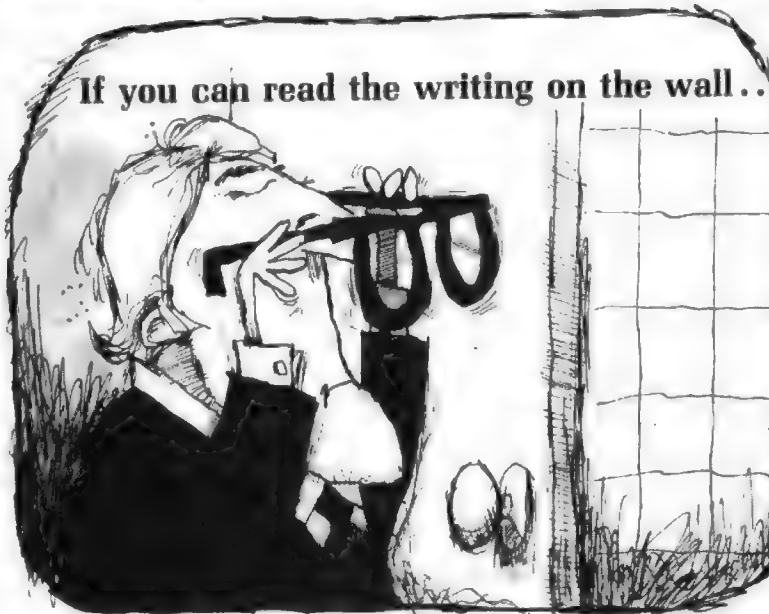
When birds of a feather flock together...



...you'd better duck.



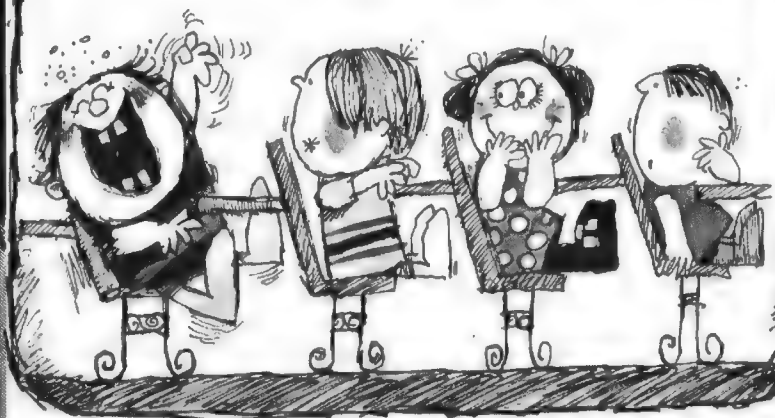
If you can read the writing on the wall...



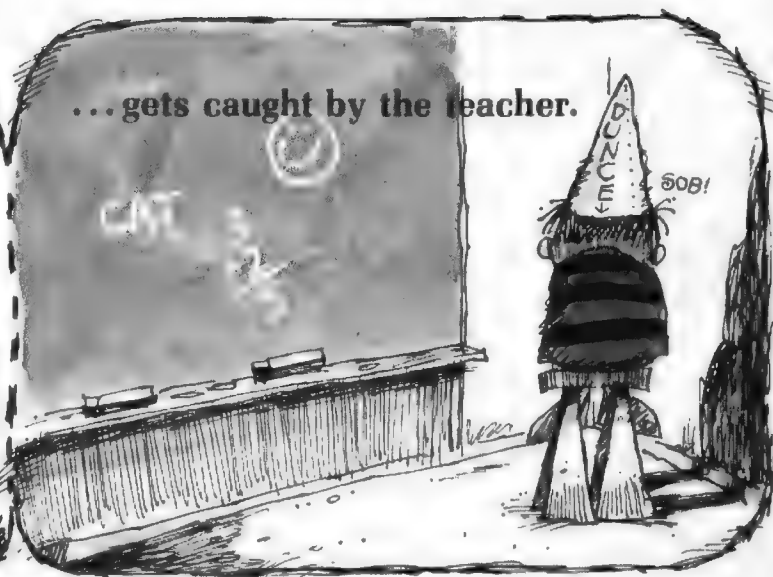
...you're standing in the men's room.



He who laughs last...



...gets caught by the teacher.



A penny saved...



...will be taken by the government.



Love makes the world...



...read the newspapers.



INSIDE SHOW

I got a great act! I walk thru molten lava, climb steel walls, and for an encore I set myself on fire!



Sorry... I'm overbooked with novelty acts!



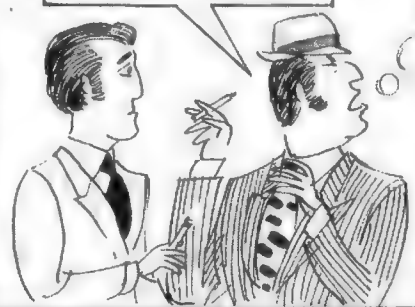
Hey, Joe, How you been? How's Show Biz treating you?



Pretty bad! I've been laying off for 14 years now. Haven't had a booking in 14 long years!



You know... I think I'll get out of this business!



Stick with me, Baby, and I'll make you a star!

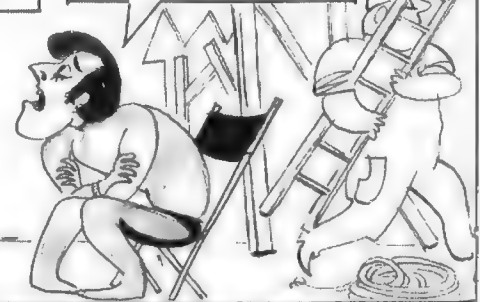
Great!... I'll hang it on my door!



What happened? You were supposed to do 750 pushups right on stage. How come you couldn't do any?



Can't understand it. I was great at rehearsal!



Baby, you were beautiful! Just fabulous! The greatest singer I ever heard! You'll go right to the top!!

That's wonderful! Will you become my agent?



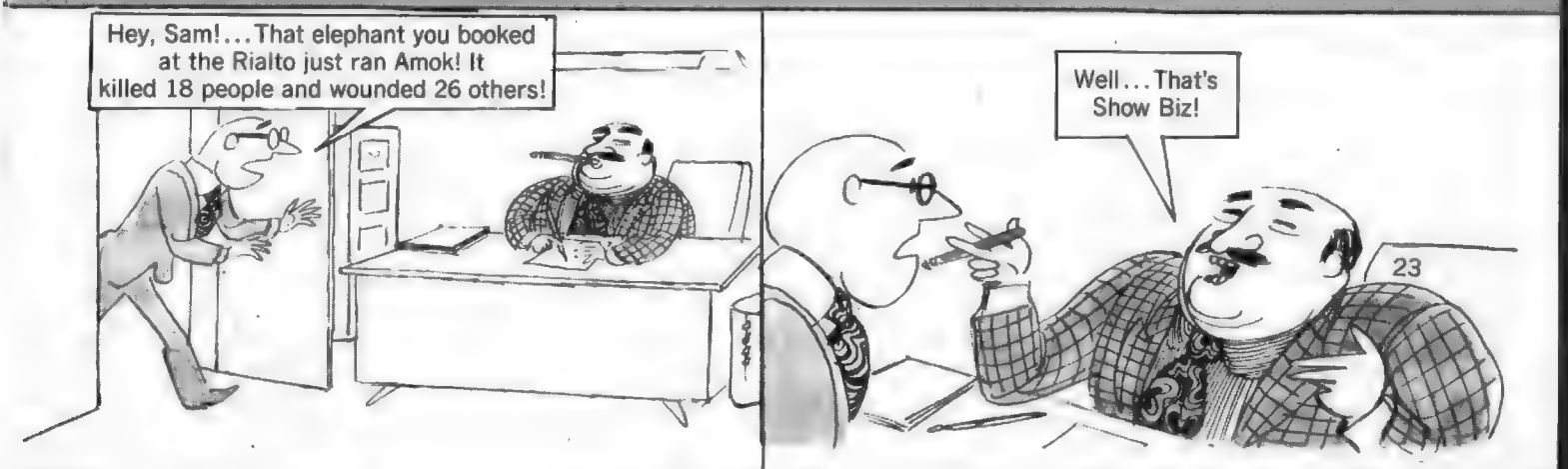
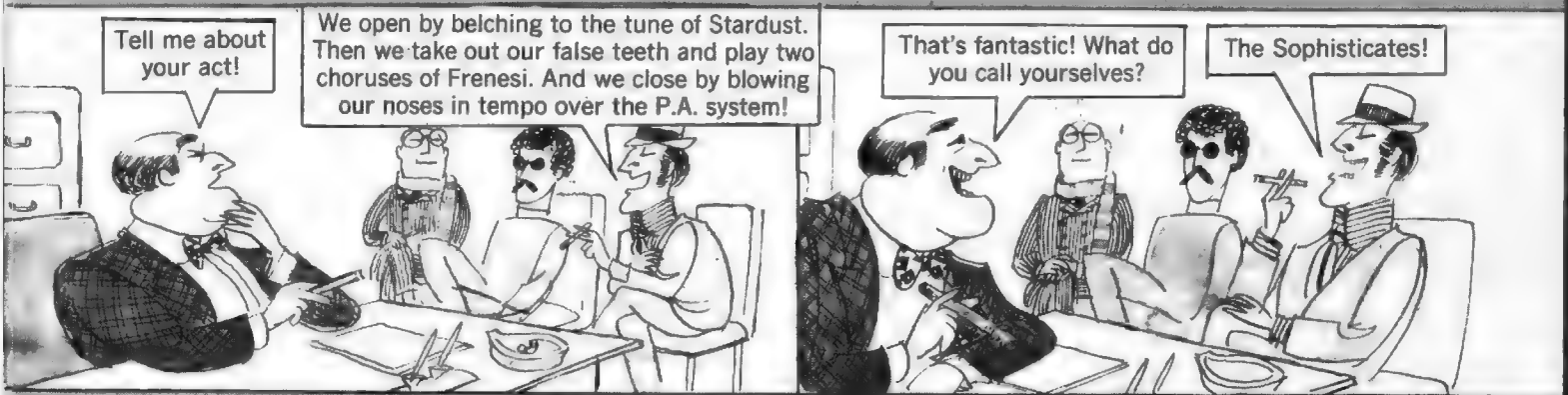
I'll let you know!... Don't call me, I'll call you!



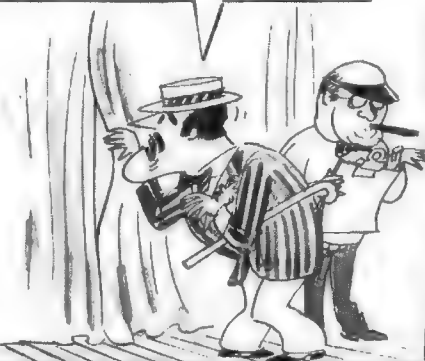
BUSINESS

Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Arnold Franchioni

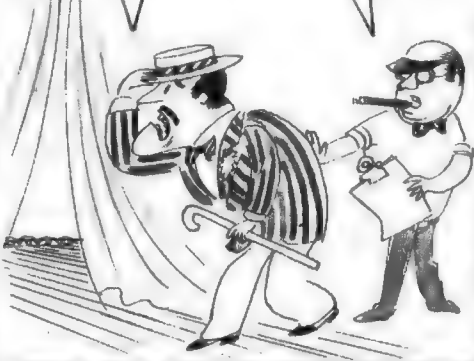


I just know I'm going to bomb here tonight. They'll hate me, I feel it in my bones!



I could throw up, I'm so disgusted!

OK, Jackie... you're on!



THINGS LOOK SWELL!
THINGS LOOK GREAT



Will that hack singer ever get off? He's been on over an hour already!



Boy, is he bombing! I'll have to warm up the audience all over again!



FINALLY! Here he comes! I never heard such horrible singing!



You were beautiful, baby, just great! never sounded better!



I know I said I'd never let my daughter marry an actor, but now that I've seen your act, I've changed my mind.

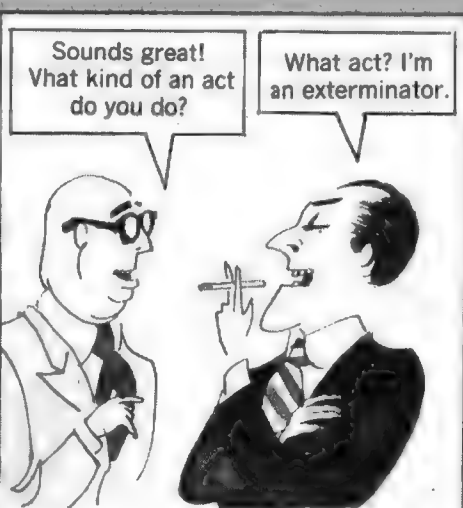
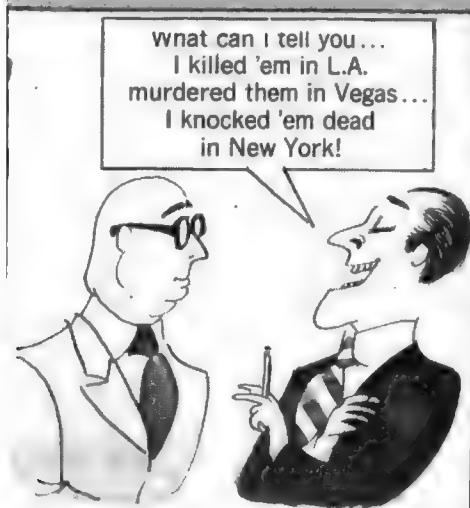
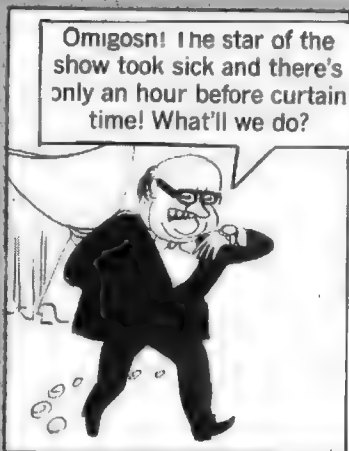
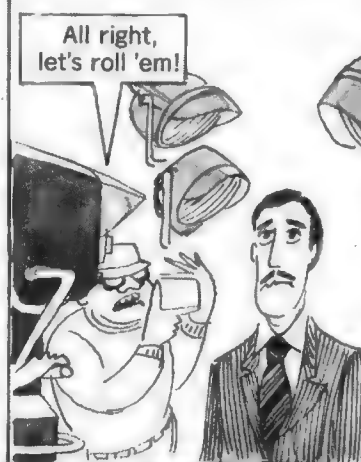
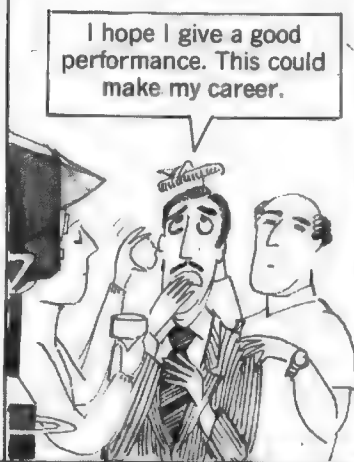


You mean I can marry your daughter?



Yes, I've seen you perform. You're no actor!





Folk Wedding



The biggest folk wedding of the year took place in Washington, Mass. Contestants were Marlo Hutfrie, famed folk singer and Jackie Seek, famed folk.

They came from miles around to this little village to watch Marlo Hutfrie wed Jackie Seek against a background of autumn foliage in Marlo's hair and food from Agnes' Cafeteria under their belts.

A little later as the champagne flowed, they were wearing foliage under their belts and food in their hair.

Minister Ramsey "Call Me Doc" Parson read the service and when he asked Marlo if he took the girl for his lawful wife, he said "yeah, man,"

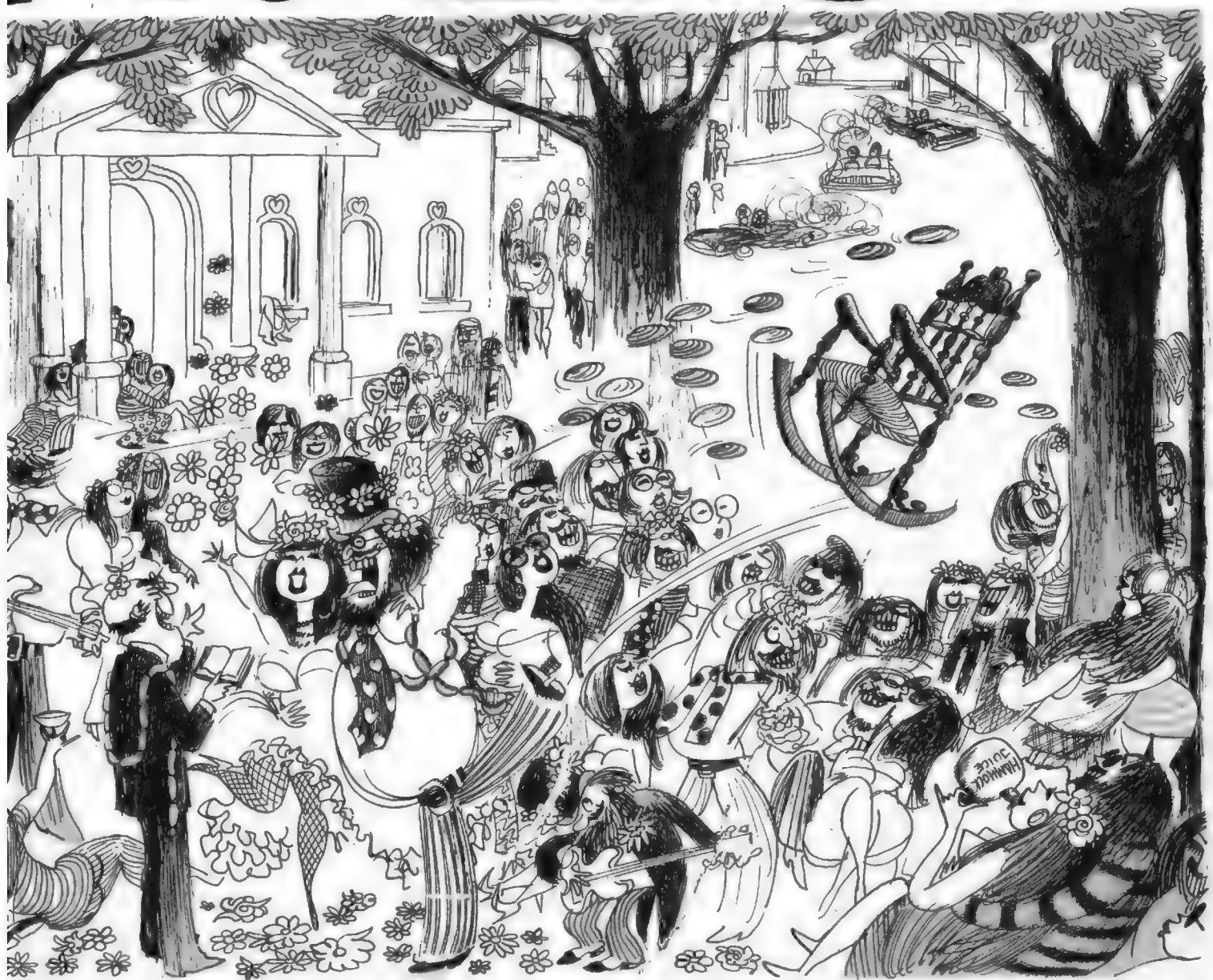
threw conch shells at the guests and kicked a hole in a stray rocking chair flown up from North Carolina for the occasion.

Marlo's guitar was best man.

Folk singer Bobbie Rollins sang 17 expressive songs explaining to the 350 gathered guests just what love was. 250 of the guests left in the middle of the concert to find out for themselves.

Displaying her wide repertoire which looked wider in the autumn sunlight, Bobbie sang, "Love Me and It's Love," "Love, Love and It's Love," "Love Anybody and It's Soul" and "Love, Love Hollacado," which brought the guests to the peak of frenzy as they rapped Dixie cups with velvet forks in time to the beat.

of the YEAR



From a fashion viewpoint, Marlo wore a white satiny peasant outfit with a flower garland under his hat. His balloon sleeves had been blown up and pressed the night before by a visiting team of sleeve mechanics flown in for the occasion. Jackie wore a white satiny peasant outfit with balloon bodice embroidered with the likenesses of seven aging knuckleballers. Half-way through the ceremony, as is the custom during these mountain weddings, the participants switched outfits.

Marlo, whose income is now up in the six figures, not including the rights to "It's Fiscal Love Now, Lovely," gained a degree of fame during the Great Barrington Folk Festival when

his guitar melted, taking three bystanders with it.

Later in the year, while in Small Barrington, Marlo received publicity when he abandoned a hippie on Main Street and was arrested for littering. Later he wrote a song about it which made him rich, famous and filled with love, called "I Abandoned a Hippie on Main Street and Got Arrested for Littering."

After the ceremony, the couple sipped Hollyhock Wine and Hamhock Juice before slipping off furtively to their newly designed power lawn mower where they will live for the next three weeks at which time the bride expects to be drafted.

TELEVISION COMES TO VIET NAM

To boost soldiers' morale, the U.S. Army announced recently that television would be shown to GI's in Viet Nam. They'll see such shows as **Bonanza**, **Beverly Hillbillies** and **Combat** to start with. Later, they might bring in **Gunsmoke**, **Look Up and Live**, **Run, Buddy, Run** and **An Evening With Zsa Zsa Gabor**.

The programs will undoubtedly be good for the soldiers, but sooner or later commercials will find their way into the programming.

Can't you just see Jim Doo Lee, sitting on a diving board in a rice paddy?

Hi, this is Jim Doo Lee. GI's, tired of squatting in the swamps of South Viet Nam? Why not live a little in picturesque Hanol, the oil dump capital of the slave states.



AWOL airlines provides a quick means of escape for war-weary soldiers.

Our friendly, armed hostesses will do everything to make you comfortable once you board our AWOL luxury cruiser.



Yes, AWOL Airlines provides free meals—47 varieties of rice—and takes care of your living in North Viet Nam. We'll think for you. In fact, we won't permit you to think for yourself.

For special platoon rates, see your undercover travel agent and ask about our Defector's Special Tourist Plan.

So, GI's, come on up. Go AWOL!



And then there's the military problem that has caused so much dissension in the ranks — **BAD BREATH.**

Aw gee, Sarge. I don't want to go on patrol with Private Bascomb any more. He...well...he offends.

You mean...

Yessir. When he whispers instructions to me I cringe in terror, a sudden action which could give our position away to the enemy.



You're right, soldier. Clean, pleasant breath is a giant step toward ultimate victory on the battlefield. That's why I use Bull Breath toothpaste, the toothpaste with the built-in antiseptic cleanser. Cleans your breath, while it cleans your foxhole. Right, soldier?

Right, sarge.



And the parachute spiel:

Hi, flyboys and air group laddies, hit the silk lately. When it's time to leap out of that big silver bird does your life and the lives of your friends pass before you because you get tongue-tied trying to say Geronomo?

Fallrite Parachutes are the latest for those who want to combine the thrill of free fall with the highest degree of safety. Inflatable mattress is included which opens automatically when you sing out "Geronomo."

Fallrite parachutes are sold at leading Army and Navy surplus stores anywhere. For the one nearest you, look in the yellow pages under the heading—"Yeeeeeeoww!"

Fallrite parachutes—good to the last drop.



And of course, you'll get the shady pitchman:

Hello out there all you GI cats. This is your old friend Hollywood Harry here to add years to your lives. Now just the other day I got a big shipment of surplus Gardol protective shields. I've been throwing baseballs at them all day and I can't make a dent. Now listen to this once-in-a-lifetime offer...

You send today to me Hollywood Harry for your free trial offer of your invisible shield. Just the thing to taunt the enemy and make him waste ammunition on you. Can you imagine his surprise when his hand grenade bounces back and explodes in his rice paddy?

Yes, let Hollywood Harry add a new zest to your life.

And what do these invisible protective shields cost? Nothing. Get one, try it for 10 days and if you aren't completely unharmed, send it back to me and you'll get double your money back.

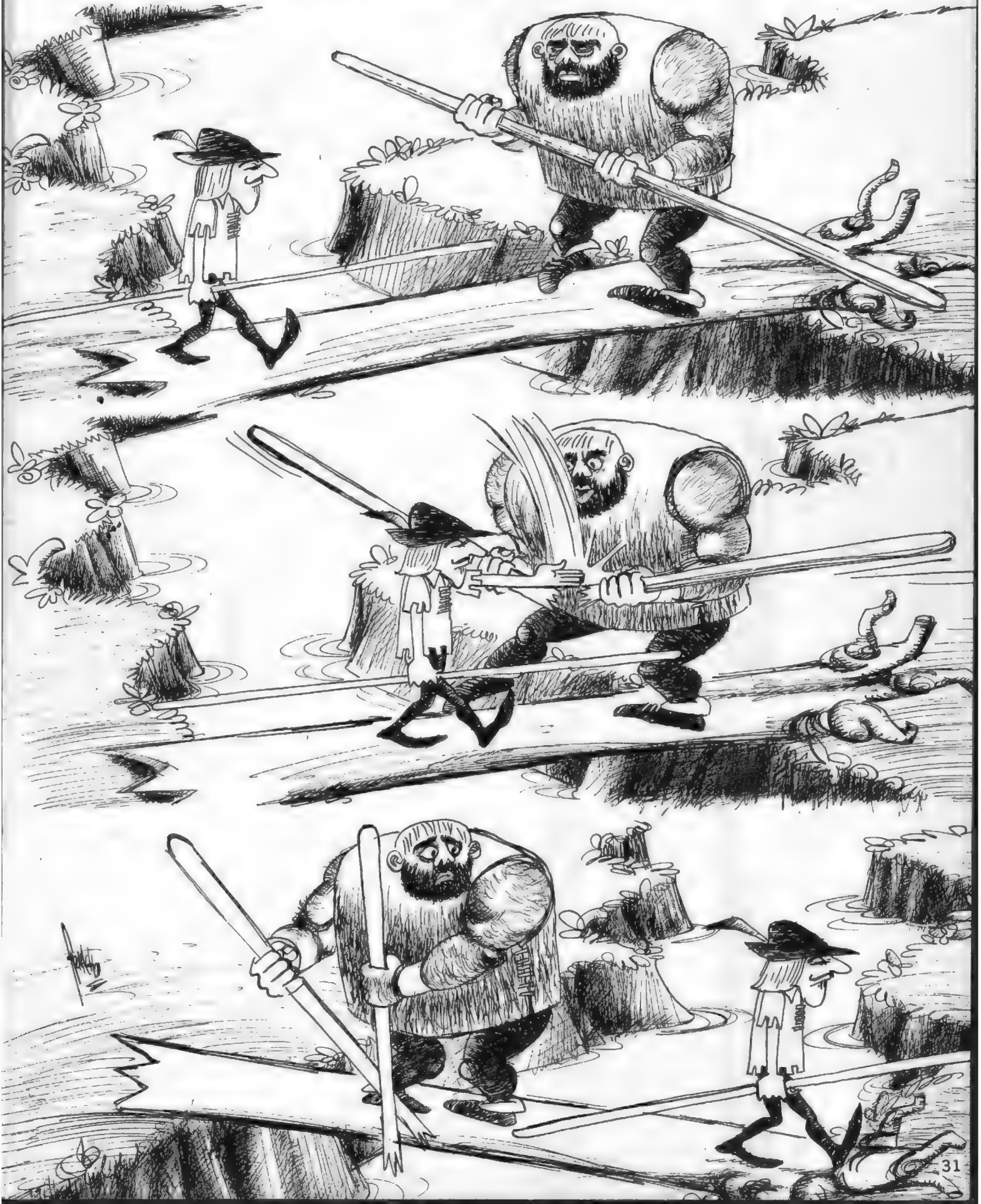
Be the first in your regiment to own an invisible protective shield. Why be half safe?



And of course, no series of TV commercials is complete without that Grand Old Lady of Perspiration, Katy Winters.



Short Adventures of Little John



Mrs. Robin Hood

Recent pronouncements from England indicate that Robin Hood was not the hero we have previously accepted him to be. In fact, British historians claim that Robin was a wife deserter.



SCENE: Office—Missing Persons' Bureau



Now, what is your husband's name Mrs. Hood?

Robin—he was named after a bird.



What bird? Never mind. Why do you think your husband has deserted you?

I sent him for a loaf of bread 12 years ago and he still hasn't come back.

The bakery is just a block from our home.

Oh, then he should be back by now. Twelve years is a long time to go for bread. Let me check your case with our chief investigator:

Jim, I have a Mrs. Hood here. She sent her husband for a loaf of bread 12 years ago. I guess because she had no bread in the house.

What? I'll ask her—

Mrs. Hood, do you have any rolls in the house?

I see—

Jim, she says if you find her husband, tell him to bring back a dozen seeded rolls, too... Right.

Now, Mrs. Hood, where does your husband live now?

He lives in Sherwood Forest. He sleeps, works and cooks his meal there.

I hope he's putting out all campfires. Does he live alone in the woods?

No, Robin has his merry men with him.

Oh, it's a colony. Well, as long as they're happy. What work do they do?

They rob from the rich and give to the poor.

Is there any money in that work?

No, I think it's a tax dodge.

Now, do you want to sue your husband for non-support?

No, I don't need money—I'm rich.

Then, why do you want us to find your husband?

Just tell him to stop robbing me.

ADVENTURES OF THE WATER HOLE



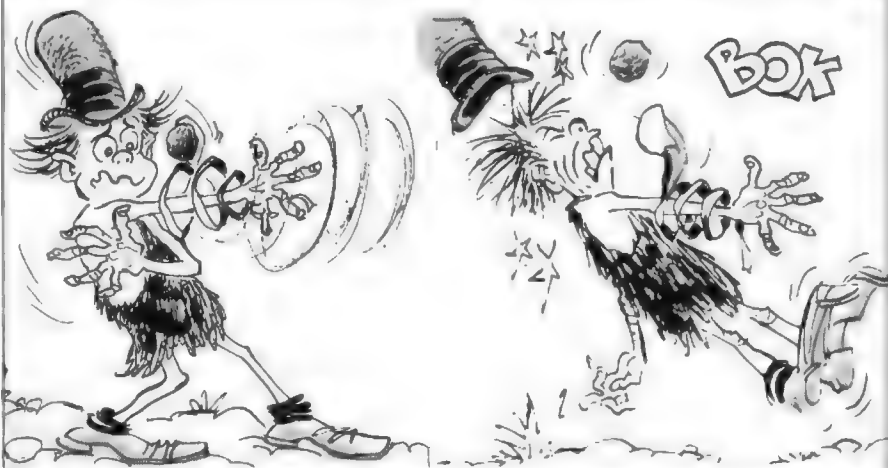
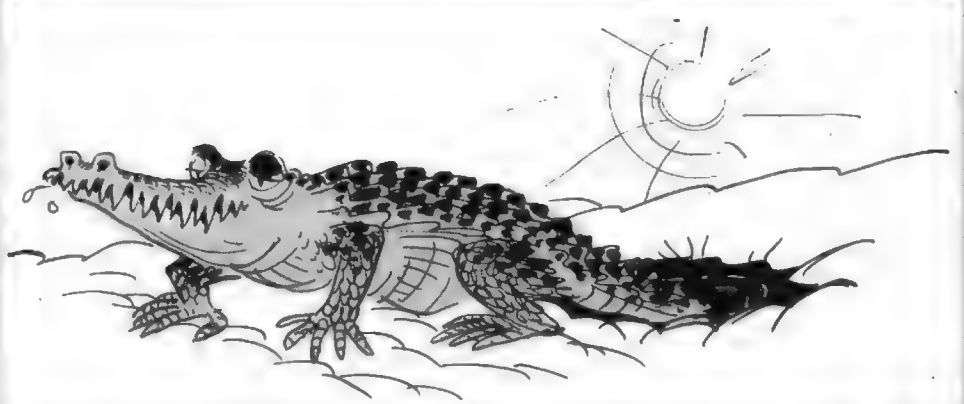
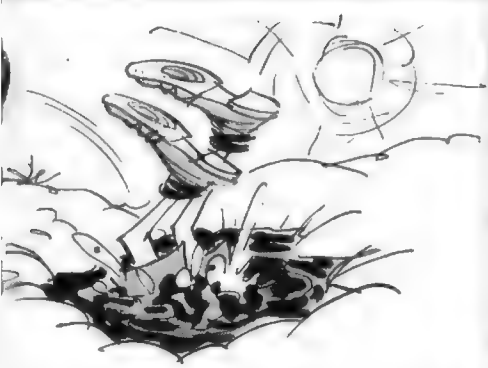
THE THORN



THE GIANT

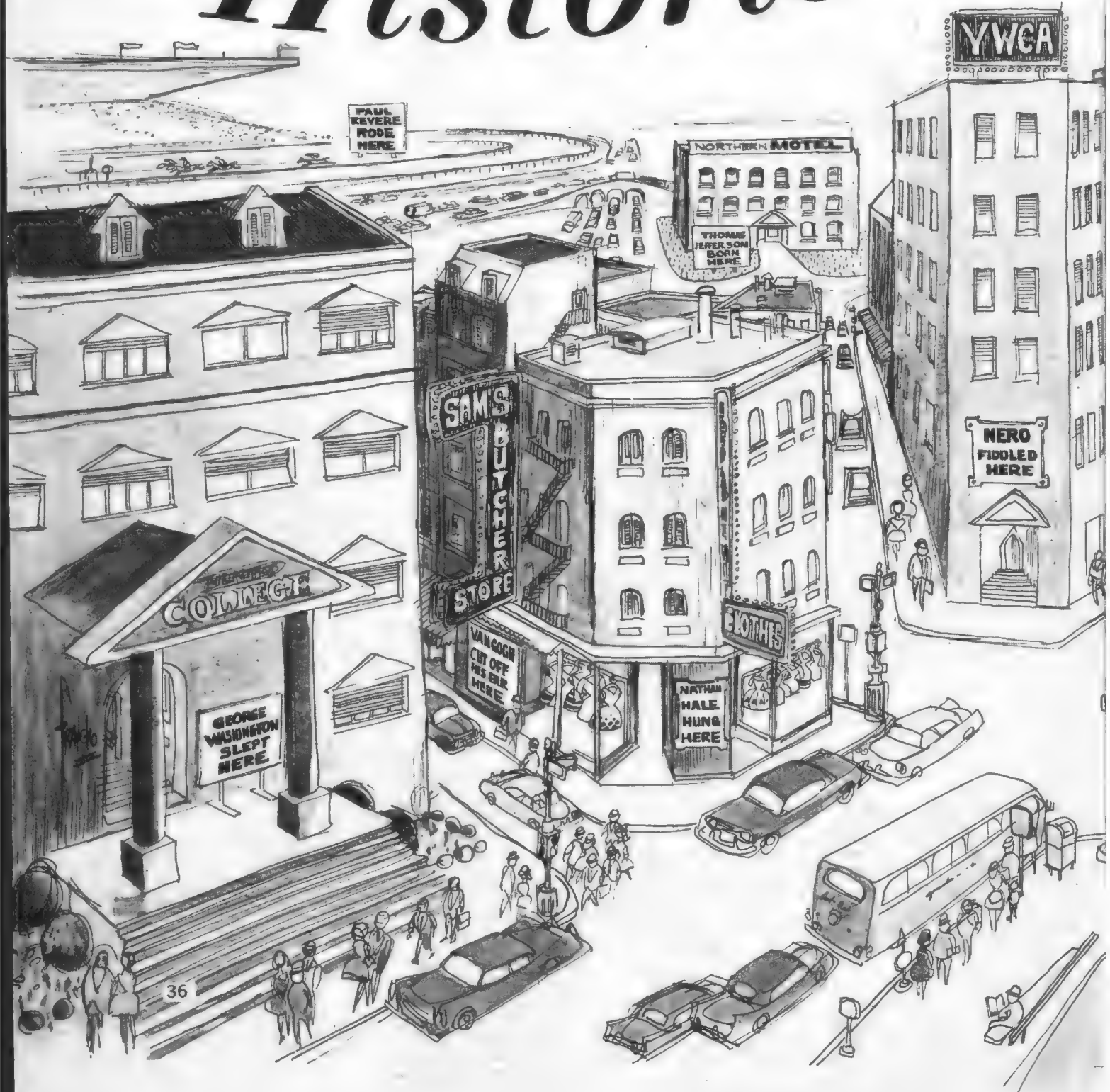


HUCKLEBERRY FINK



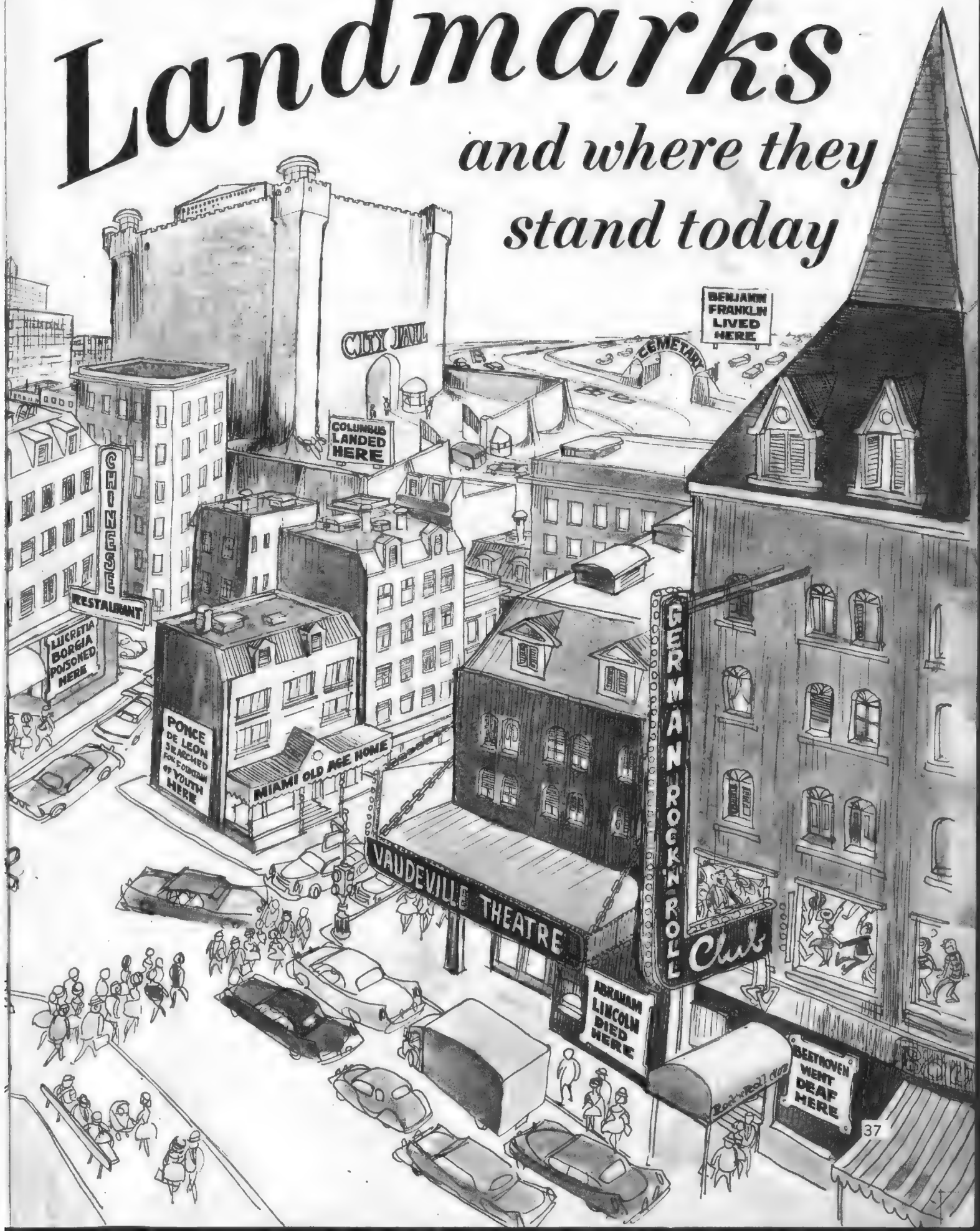
Traditionally, historic events of importance are commemorated by a sign or plaque on the spot where it happened. Through the years, however, changes have been made and the surroundings become quite different. Often there is a great contrast, as with these...

Historical



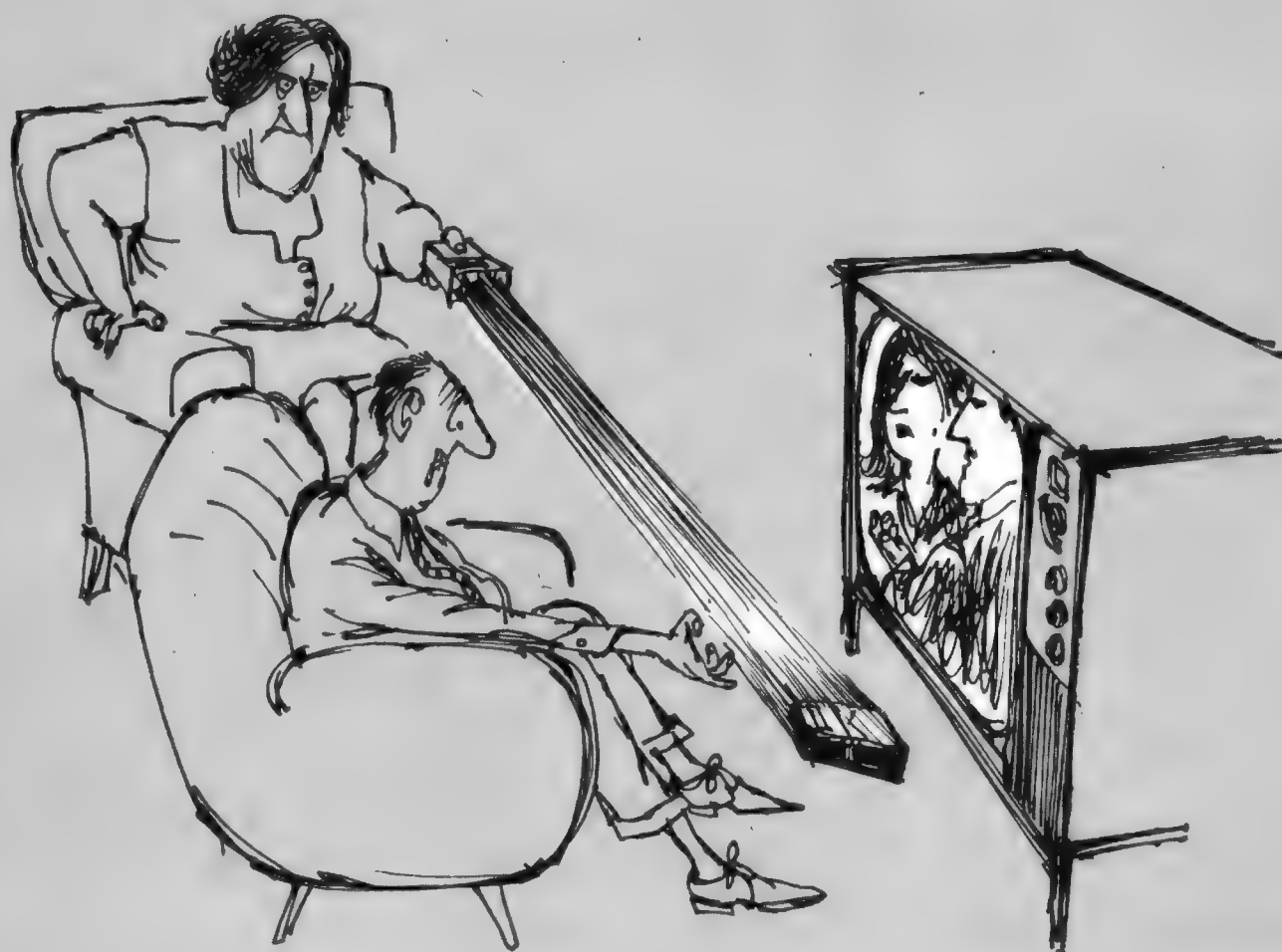
Landmarks

*and where they
stand today*



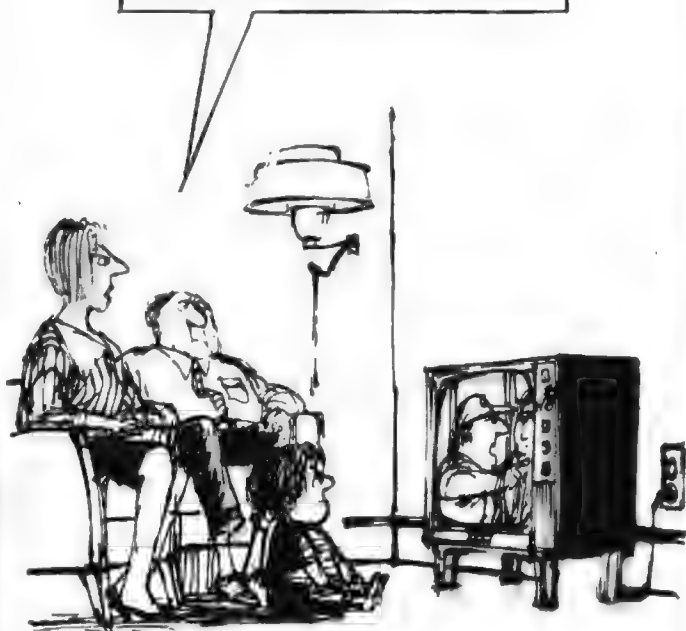
Television is worse than ever. It used to be where every problem was settled with a punch in the mouth or a bullet in the belly. Now they've taken all the violence out of the programs. One TV hero led such a dull life, when he fell off a cliff absolutely nothing flashed before his eyes. Our TV critic, Charles Rodrigues, finds nothing interesting to report on the shows. "The **audience** is where it's at", he claims. Here he is with some candid comments on—

TV Viewers

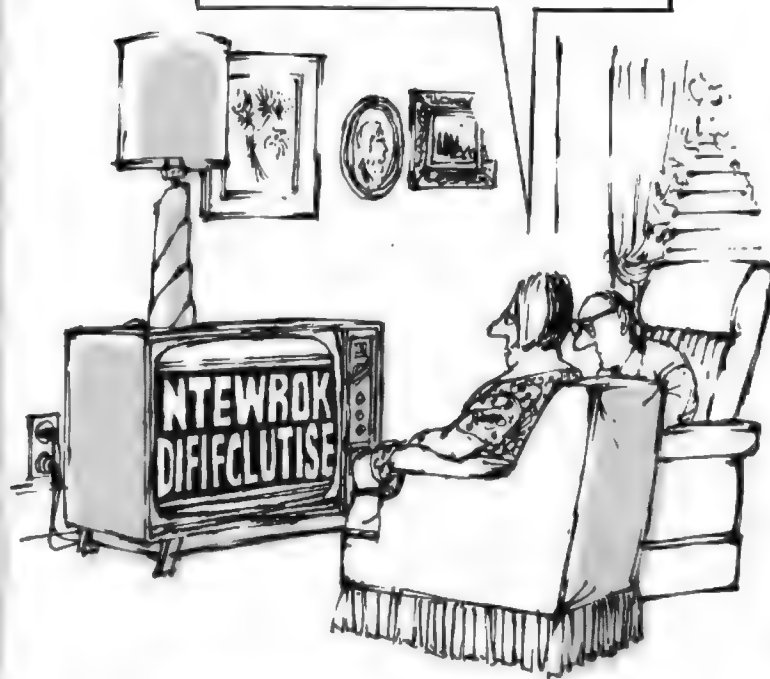




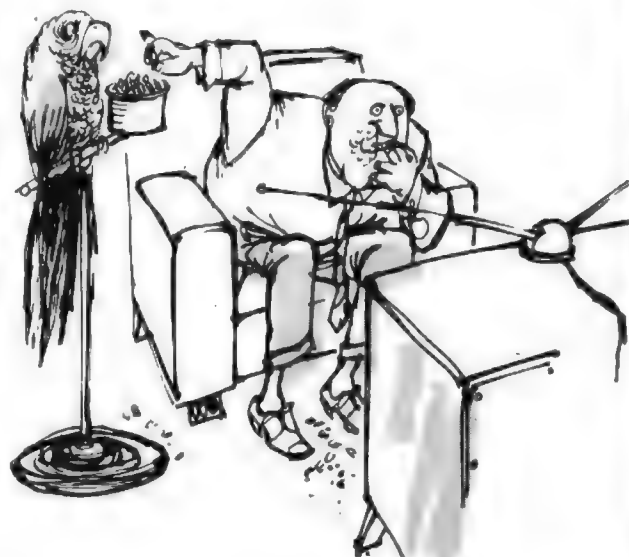
Stop complaining, Frank!
To you they're reruns ...
to him they're new shows.



My goodness, I should say
they **ARE** having network
difficulties!



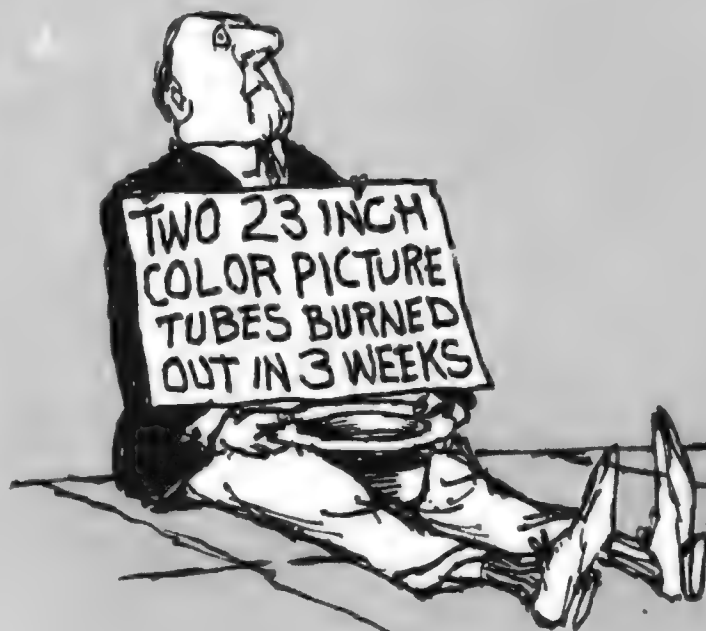
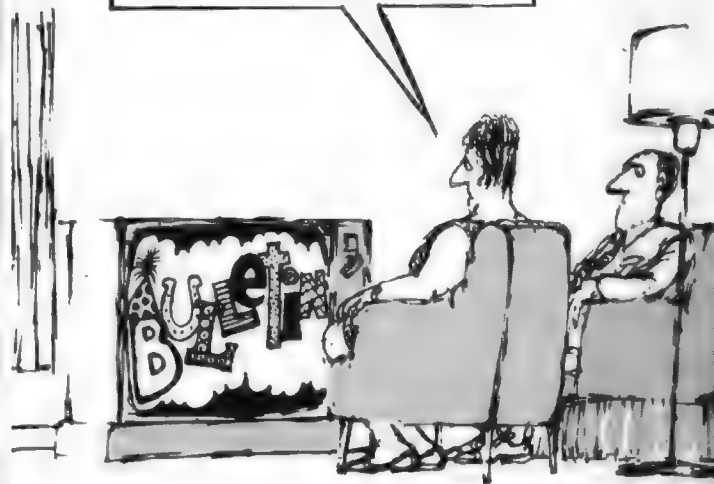
But Dr. Winslow specifically
scheduled surgery for **AFTER**
"As The World Turns."



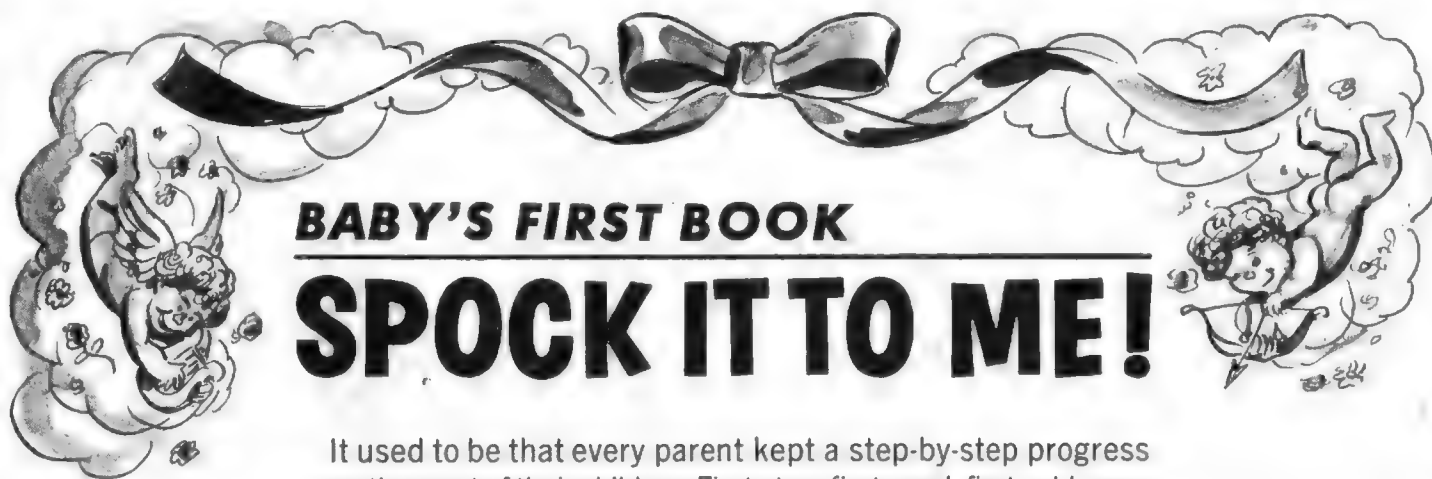
You know, being married to a short man has its advantages...



Edward, do you get the feeling that they're trying to give us a false sense of security?



rodriguez



BABY'S FIRST BOOK

SPOCK IT TO ME!

It used to be that every parent kept a step-by-step progress growth report of their children. First step, first word, first cold, were dutifully marked down in a pink or blue "Baby Book." This charming habit has more or less gone by the boards presumably because the activities didn't fit today's modern child. Here then, is our new-type baby book for today's youngster. Fill in your own dates.

Script by Bill Majeski

Art by Al Bare



Baby's first tooth.



Baby bites hand that feeds it.



Baby steals first tricycle.



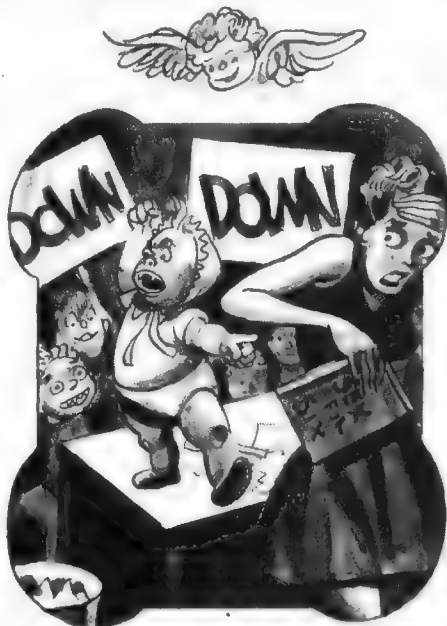
Arranging for baby's first bail money.



Mommy finds first marks on baby's arm.



Baby makes first contact.



Baby leads first school riot.



Baby kicks fuzz for first time.



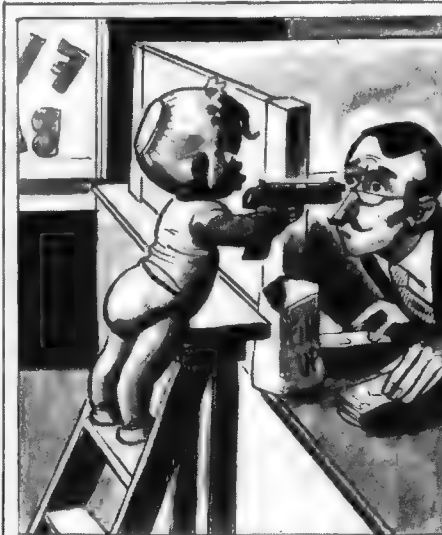
Baby leaves home, making parents five years younger



Baby returns home, making parents ten years older.



Baby throws mommy and daddy out, can't communicate.



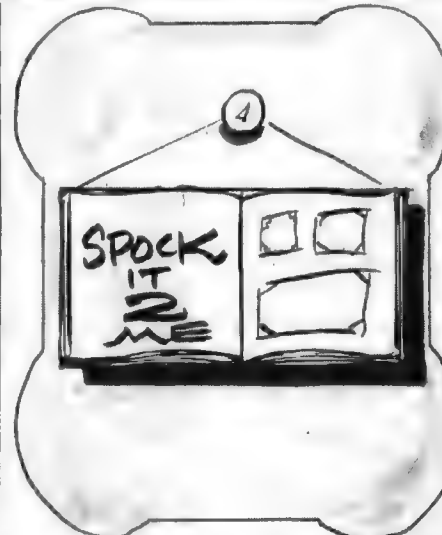
Baby pulls first bank job. Police seek precocious youngster with droopy drawers.



Baby makes print. Promptly wets on it.



Baby's first baby.



Baby's baby's first book.



ECOLOGY GLORY, GLORY,

(To the tune of: "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!")

Mine eyes have felt the stinging of
the coming of the smog.
On a bright and sunny day, you find
you're walking through a fog.
Yes, to reach your destination,
take a seeing-eye-type dog.
Pollution marches on!

From the factories, the smokestacks
pour out chemicals and ash.
In the marshes out in Jersey,
they burn rubber tires and trash.
Take a deep breath in the city
and your lungs can get a rash.
Pollution marches on!

Glory, glory, how peculiar.
Glory, glory, how peculiar.
Glory, glory, how peculiar.
The air will curl your hair.

In the rivers of the nation,
fish are clogged in every gill.
What was once a glass-clear stream is
filled with grapefruit skins and swill.
Salmon won't be swimming upstream,
they'll stay home and take The Pill.
Pollution marches on!



Tomorrow morning when you get up,
take a nice deep breath.
It'll make you feel rotten.

by Fred Wolfe

HOW PECULIAR!

On the highways to the country,
car exhausts are belching smoke.
When you reach your "health resort,"
you breathe the air and start to choke.
Take a sail out on a pond,
the frogs will cough, instead of croak.
Pollution marches on!

Glory, glory, how peculiar.
Glory, glory, how peculiar.
Glory, glory, how peculiar.
The air is barely there.

On the beach at Santa Barbara,
fish and fowl are growing weak.
Sand has changed from white to black,
those oil-rigs are inclined to leak.
It's a scientific miracle—
an ocean up the creek!
Pollution marches on!

Soon, Consolidated Ed will build plants
with atomic piles.
If they goof, we'll get the fall-out
for a couple hundred miles.
Don't complain, they'll raise the rates for
making you go out of style.
Pollution marches on!



MARCUS SMELBY, M.D.

If you've longed to practice brain surgery by mail, but can't afford a stamp, then tune into the new medical show that will show you how to cure everything from galloping hangnail to Portnoy's Complaint. In fact, Portnoy stopped complaining right after Doctor Smelby's last operation—when they buried him!

Smelby is helped in his office by a young neurologist who is guaranteed to get on your nerves, unless you're under thirty. He spends most of his time practicing medicine at the local discotheque, and only uses the clinic to recuperate from one of his wild dates, or to repair broken bones from falling off his motorcycle.

Although the two doctors live together (which causes a lot of talk with the Fire Island set) they are presently donating their services at a local hospital.

Art by Jack Sparling

Script by Fred Wolfe



Poor gramps. We just put in a new bay window. it cost us over eleven hundred dollars, but it was worth every cent to have him see the sunlight in his last days.

Tell us the truth, Doctor Smelby. Do you think you can save him?

Yes?

I'm positive I can. But there's just one thing.

How are we ever going to get the corpse through that narrow hallway?

Doctor Smelby, I wish your assistant wouldn't make house calls! By the way, what does his M.D. stand for—Motorcycle Daredevil?

How did the surgery go?

It was a very delicate operation. A trio of specialists had to split a fee into three equal parts.

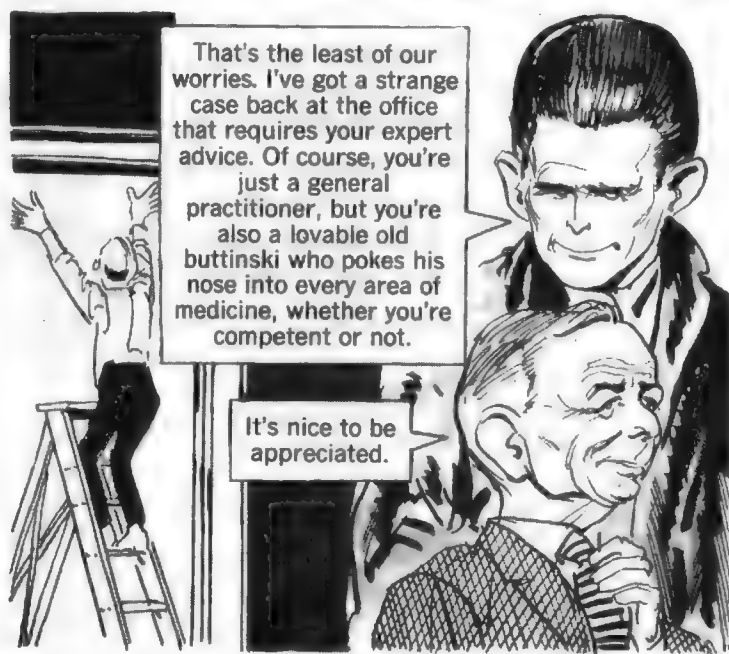
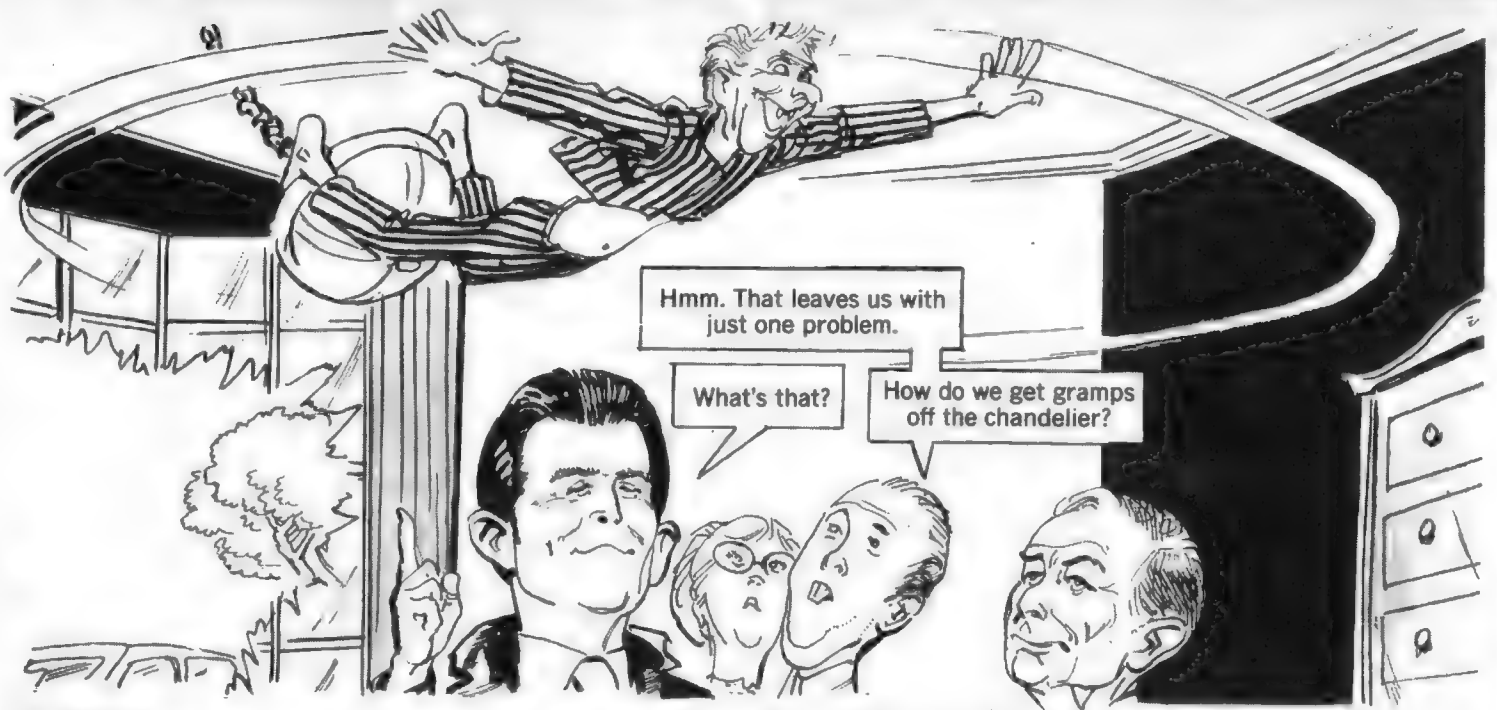
But what goes here? Chase the gloom from the room cats and chicks—I've brought the miracle serum!

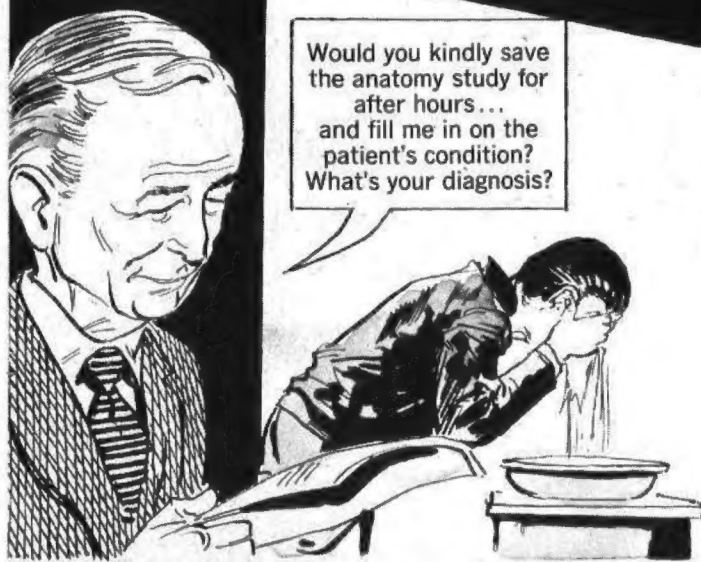
Here, grandpop, swallow some of this granulated glop!

Amazing! He couldn't even move before, and now he's flying!

Tell me, son. Was it the dextrose in the sugar that gave him that extra energy?

No, it was the L.S.D. on the cube that did it!





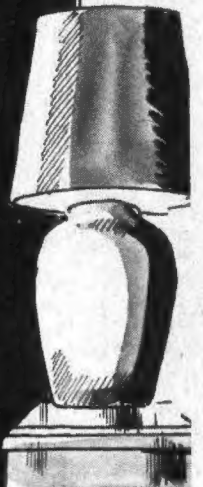
Would you kindly save the anatomy study for after hours... and fill me in on the patient's condition? What's your diagnosis?

An extreme and rare case of schizophrenia. Not only has he got a persecution complex, he even thinks his friend is being persecuted. But, let him tell you himself.



Oh, I'm so glad you're here, doctor. You've got to help me. Everybody is picking on me.

There, there, calm yourself, and tell me all about it.

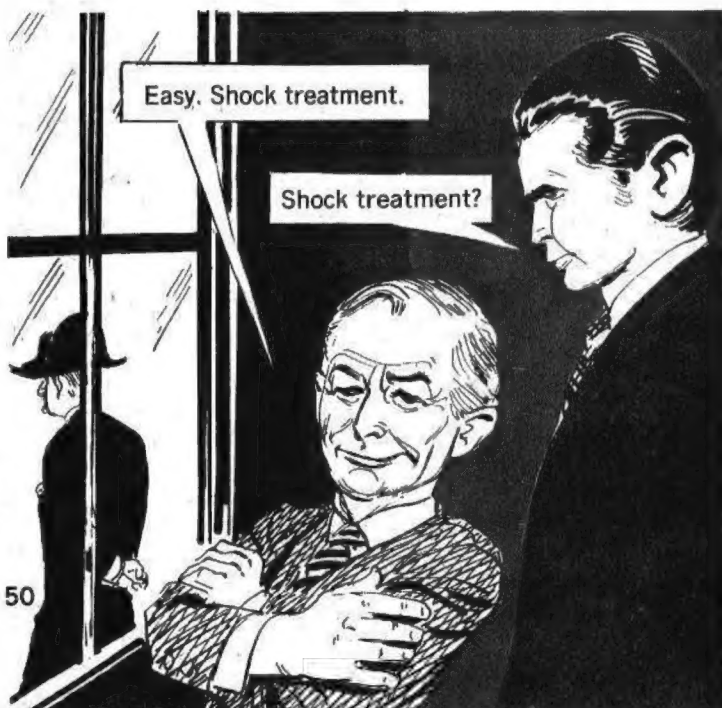
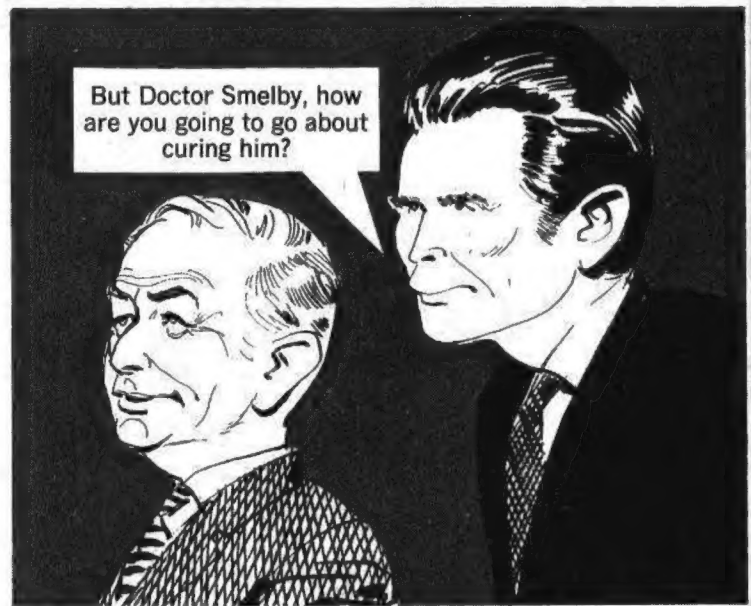
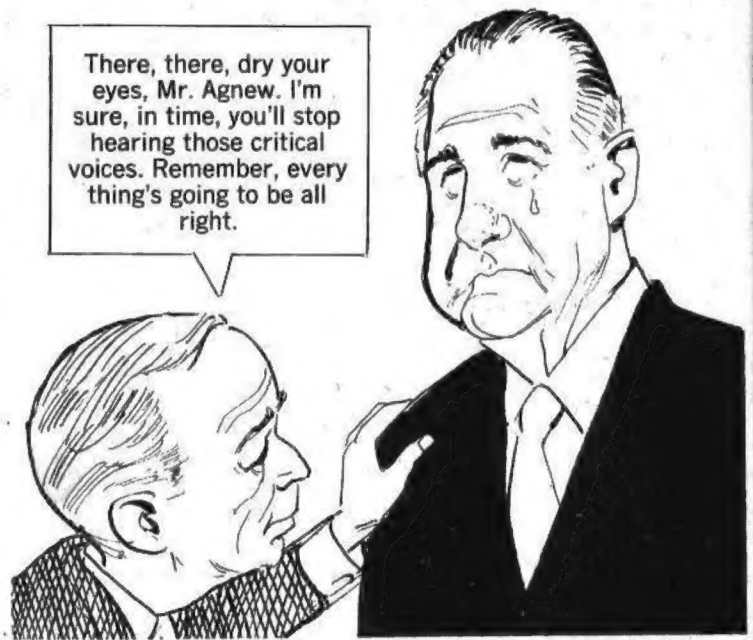
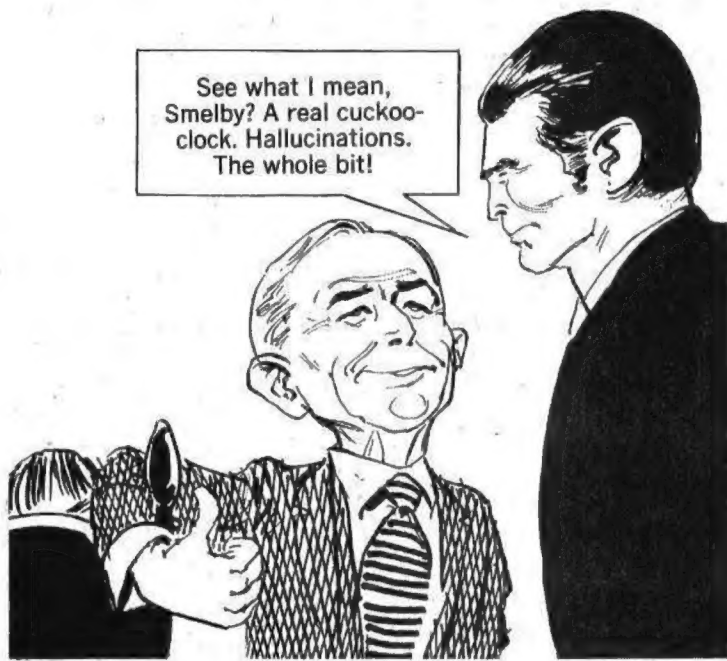


It all started in Chicago. Those terrible distortions! It was horrible! Then, after my friend spoke, they began tearing him apart.

You mean they physically assaulted him?

Worse. It was those strange voices floating out over the air-waves constantly attacking him.





MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



... NIP YOU ON THE NOGGIN!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



... BLOW IN YOUR EAR AND MAKE YOU
FOLLOW IT ANYWHERE!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



... SNAP AT THE FIG LEAF YOU'RE WEARING!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



... STEAL FROM JOHNNY CARSON'S GAG FILE
AND GIVE SICK FUNNIER LINES!



MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...START A BRUSH FIRE IN YOUR BEARD!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...SPECKLE YOUR YOGURT!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...NEST IN YOUR BELLY-BUTTON!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...DROP A WORM IN YOUR SPAGHETTI!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...TICKLE YOUR TOO-TOO WITH A FEATHER!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...GIVE YOU A WHAMMY IN YOUR JAMMYS!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...PUT A DAMPER ON YOUR SPIRIT!

MAY the BLUEBIRD
of PARADISE...



...BUILD A NEST IN YOUR ARMPITS!